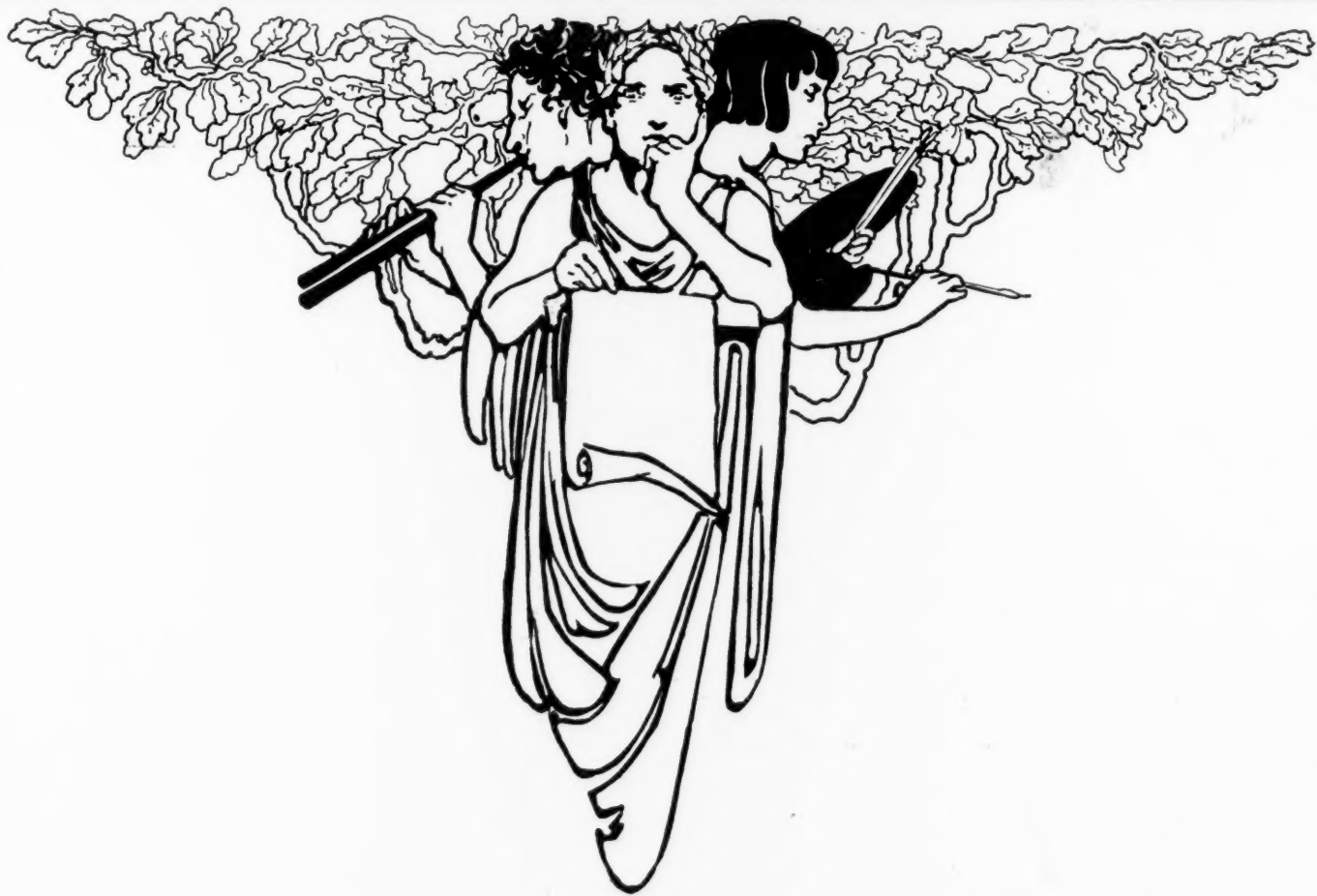


FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1916

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Child Labor Bill

PRESIDENT WILSON has taken charge of the National Child Labor bill and told the members of his party in Congress that they have got to pass it at once. About the only opposition there is to the bill comes from the Southern statesmen. They claim that the children who work in the mills in their section are better so engaged than they would be if left in their homes. The plea is specious. The children should not be left in homes of which that assertion can be made. They should be in schools provided by the State. Southern statesmen growl about another "usurpation by the executive" but there is no "usurpation" in the President's action. He simply tells his party men that the law must be passed because the best interests of society demand it and because the Democratic majority in Congress cannot afford to go into the election campaign after defeating or shelving it. The bill will be passed, because if it should be defeated, the defeat would mean the defeat of the Democratic party. Children must be confirmed in their right to their youth. They must not be exploited for the profit of mill-owners. Child slavery must not be permitted to become established where chattel slavery was destroyed. Of all forms of conservation, the most important is the conservation of the future manhood and womanhood of the nation.

♦♦

Herr Von Jagow's Humor

OF all the humor of the Great War, the chiefest, if possibly cynically unconscious contribution is made by Dr. von Jagow, German Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is in the form of an interview accorded the New York American, anent the possibilities attendant upon the sailing of the celebrated merchant-submarine, the *Deutschland*, from the port of Baltimore. Here is what the *Herr Doktor* said:

"It is quite possible that British vessels are really preparing to do what it is suggested they may do—assemble at the mouth of the Chesapeake and attempt on sight to sink the *Deutschland* and her crew. In spite of any intimation coming this way, I cannot believe that the United States Government would in the event of such a cowardly, dastardly deed fail to voice the energetic protest of civilization and humanity. We claim nothing for this new type of merchantman save that she is entitled to be hailed, visited and the crew placed in safety before she is destroyed—the precise rights which have been insisted upon for every other merchant ship by your Government.

"If, after she is hailed, she attempts to escape, she does so at her own risk and may properly be attacked and sunk. But to allow the attack without warning upon an unarmed, fragile boat, with the lives of the crew at the mercy of a single shot, that is something of which we prefer to believe the United States is not capable."

How about the sinking of the *Lusitania*, for which there has been neither disavowal nor apology? She was sunk without warning,

visit or search, without giving the passengers a chance for their lives—1150 of them. The assassination was justified by affidavits that the *Lusitania* was armed. The affidavits were perjuries. No one has been punished for that wholesale murder. In the circumstances, *Herr Doktor* Von Jagow's moral indignation in premonition of something that has not happened is—funny, yes, devilishly funny.

♦♦

Pat Matthews

A NEW YORK *Sun* reviewer of James Marchant's new book, "Alfred Russel Wallace: Letters and Reminiscences," directed attention to the fact that Charles Darwin and Wallace, each naturalist working in his own way, reached at precisely the same moment similar conclusions regarding natural selection, but, says Mr. James C. Moffet, of Louisville, Ky., in a letter to the *Sun*, the reviewer made no reference to a letter, for the first time published in this new book, written by Darwin to Wallace in 1860, a year after the publication of the "Origin of Species," acknowledging that an unknown Scotsman had anticipated both of them in the discovery of the theory of evolution. Darwin, writing to Wallace in 1860, said:

"Here is a curious thing: A Mr. Pat Matthews, a Scotchman, published in 1830 a work on 'Naval Timber and Arboriculture,' and in the appendix to this he gives most clearly but very briefly in half a dozen paragraphs our view of natural selection. It is a most complete case of anticipation. He published extracts in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. I got the book and have since published a letter acknowledging that I am fairly forestalled."

According to Mr. Moffet, this remarkable Scottish scientist and discoverer was a man of independent and original views on philosophical subjects, and it is said by those who knew him (he died about forty years ago) he was well posted in natural science and mechanics as well as being an expert in arboriculture and fruit growing. Pat Matthews, according to a writer in a recent issue of the *British Weekly*, did another scientific stunt of almost uncanny effect—a piece of scientific prophecy that was unhappily fulfilled. Matthews maintained strongly that the first Tay Bridge, on the east coast of Scotland, from its construction and position could not withstand a hurricane from the southwest. His letters in the Dundee newspapers brought forth, however, only laughter and scorn. Though he did not live to see it, the catastrophe of that wild night in December, 1879, justified his prescience. The world should know more of this Pat Matthews, this early hero of the evolution of evolution. Of course, evolution was more than hinted even before Matthews. It was in the air for a long time. But it's the irony of fate that Pat Matthews should not have been an Irishman.

♦♦

Infantile Paralysis

INFANTILE PARALYSIS! Where does it flourish? In the homes of the rich? No; in the houses of the poor, in the slums. What's the remedy? More light and air in the homes of the poor—abolish the slums. How? By taxing land values of all the unearned increment

and forcing the erection of more and better houses for the poor. Now we seek a cure for the disease. What is needed is a removal of the cause.

❖❖

Sic Transit Tariff Reform

A TARIFF to keep out German dyes! A tariff to prevent "dumping" of European-made goods on this country after the war! The European governments seem bent on helping their manufacturers to dump goods upon us. We might fight individual dumping successfully, but not governmental dumping. Therefore the party of a tariff for revenue only goes over to protection. The condition has the free trade theory down and begging for mercy. We may lament it, but here's a query. When a tariff is levied we know that the price of goods is raised. When a tariff is lowered does anyone notice that the price of goods is materially reduced? When a tariff is increased are wages raised? When a tariff is lowered do not wages go down? Can the ultimate consumer beat the business man? He cannot.

❖❖

THE *Deutschland* is a merchantman. It cannot be sunk without warning. Germany will benefit by our contentions with regard to the *Lusitania* and other vessels. Perhaps the Germans will now see that our neutrality is really neutral.

❖❖

WE are going to put a war tax on the munitions makers and the munition factories are just beginning to shut down. Uncle Sam should have taxed the makers of war supplies a year ago.

❖❖

Income Tax Favoritism

OUR esteemed *Post-Dispatch* and its offspring, the *New York World*, object to the \$3,000 and \$4,000 exemptions under the income tax. They favor lowering the exemption to \$1,000. How much of an income of \$1,000 per year is privilege and how much the result of production or service? What an abomination, to tax production and service in order to lighten the burden upon privilege! What egregious asininity to clamor that it is unfair to put the tax burden on the comparatively few who have incomes of \$20,000 and over! Those who get the latter incomes are mostly taking it from the earnings of \$1,000 a year men. Oh, but all citizens should pay taxes! As if everybody doesn't and the small income man more in proportion than the others!

❖❖

Whose Ox

It's amusing to behold the way the *Post-Dispatch* minimizes the importance of the complaints of the soldier boys on the border about insufficient and bad food, bad sanitation in the camps, etc. What a spread and scream would be based upon those complaints if the Administration were Republican instead of Democratic! How the earth rocked with protest and denunciation of like conditions complained of by the soldiers who went into the Spanish-American war under the McKinley administration! The *Post-Dispatch* never supported anybody as it is supporting Wilson.

❖❖

People and President

THE President may have wobbled as to Mexico, though Secretary Franklin K. Lane's defense of the consistency of his policy in last Sunday's papers was a masterful one, but the patent fact is that the people of this country do not want a war with Mexico. They look to the President to avoid such a thing.

And the best proof of this is found in the fact that the Republican papers are mild and cautious in their criticisms of the Administration's Mexican policy. The people don't want to fight for the grabbers of Mexican concessions. The world is fed full on slaughter.

❖❖

The New Justice

MR. HUGHES' successor on the Supreme bench will be Judge Clark, of Ohio. He has been a lawyer for corporations. What lawyer worth consideration for the position would not have such practice? A lawyer for corporations is not the same thing, however, as a corporation lawyer. Even fiery Frank P. Walsh has been and still is a lawyer for corporations. Good lawyers are sought by those who can pay good fees. Judge Clark, of Cleveland, is probably not so radical as Justice Brandeis, but he is not a lawyer and jurist whose law has not advanced since the seventeenth century.

❖❖

A New Line-up of Nations

A NEW treaty of alliance between Russia and Japan is announced. The two nations will co-operate in the East. What will become of the understanding between Japan and Great Britain, entered into in order to check Russian power as a menace to India? Russia and Japan can both use China. Great Britain has interests there. Germany had, too. There have been rumors of an agreement between Japan and Germany. What may the Russo-Japanese treaty portend? Shall we find later those two powers leagued against Great Britain, and Germany with Great Britain as against the other two? And the United States has a stake in China, to say nothing of the Philippines. Where do we come in? Are we witnessing now the beginning of the line-up for the next great war?

❖❖

'Fraid o' Teddy

REALLY, Col. Roosevelt may have averted war with Mexico by his declaration of intention to raise and lead a regiment. No party in this country would take a chance on Theodore's reaping such another harvest of glory as he reaped with his Rough Riders in the war with Spain. And Carranza wanted no trouble with Roosevelt. You'll have noticed that both Wilson and Carranza became pacific the moment Roosevelt said he was going to get into the mix-up. I imagine the best effort of the political brains of this country for the next four years will be devoted to avoiding situations which may contain possibilities of a return of Roosevelt to conspicuous leadership.

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THAT rural credits law is going to make many votes for the re-election of Mr. Wilson. And it's going to loosen the grip of the money-shark upon the farmer. Will the Republicans call it class legislation? Not so as you can hear it.

❖❖

WORKMEN'S compensation for all Federal employes has come to the front as an issue, with chiefly Democratic support in Congress. Will that reduce the odds on Hughes in the election betting? I guess yes.

❖❖

A Boost for Good Roads

A FEDERAL good roads law appropriating \$85,000,000, the states to contribute equally with the nation to the building of highways within the borders of the respective commonwealths, is started on its way to passage, not this year, perhaps, but soon. And the Democrats have contributed the impetus and mo-

any other way. Good roads increase land values and land values can be taxed increasingly for those and all other improvements. The more improvements the better, for there's a limit to the taxation that industry will stand and the land value finally cannot escape. Good roads are a Democratic issue. They will show up strong in votes in the Democratic column next November.

❖❖

A Chance for Woman Suffrage

It is reported Mr. Hughes is going to come out strong for woman suffrage. President Wilson is for it on the initiative of the states. Both parties favor it in that way. Suppose Mr. Hughes favors it as a national issue. That should force the Democrats to like support. Then the parties could be pressed to pass a Federal resolution submitting the matter to the states, three-fourths of which would have to ratify it to make woman suffrage a part of the constitution. Neither Republicans nor Democrats could dodge the issue, for the states would have to do the work finally. Moreover, the question is one that should not be permitted to drag along. It is bad policy to force the advocates of suffrage to take the longest, most roundabout, most difficult way to attain their ends—by amending state constitutions. Proposal of a Federal amendment would at once put the issue up to the states and it would have to be fought out there. As the *New York Evening Post* says: "The amendment could be made an issue in the election of Legislatures and thus it would be virtually a referendum to the voters." A paramount consideration in favor of Federal action first is that it would tend to get the woman suffrage question out of the way of other reforms. If Governor Hughes should declare himself in favor of Federal action it would attract to him so many votes that the Democratic party would probably have to swing into line with him.

❖❖

Put Prohibition Out of the Way

ANOTHER thing that is in the way of more important matters of government is prohibition. It is a great blockader of economic and social reform. It should be put up to the states for decision at an early date and got out of the political machinery. Why not put it up with a provision for compensation to the interests to be wiped out? Let us say that a percentage of the liquor revenues be set aside annually towards an amortization fund to be used at the expiration of a certain term of years for the purchase of the liquor interests. It would take about \$2,000,000,000 for such compensation, but according to the "drys" own argument, the riddance would be cheap at the price, and on the other hand government has encouraged the business and should not confiscate it outright and at one fell swoop. Of course, the people would, in fact, contribute the amortization fund, but then again the price would not be too high for the wiping out of what so many people believe to be a monstrous evil. What's \$2,000,000,000 in these days when there's a war going that costs a billion a day? Submitted by way of Federal initiative to the states, the prohibition question would be settled one way or the other. It cannot be stalled off much longer. On a compensation basis it is likely that prohibition would be defeated. On any other basis prohibition would hardly be fair to a great country-wide investment. At least we should try to put an end to the continuous appearance of the issue as a red-herring drawn across the trail of other evils, to distract and deflect attention from them. The issue is a prolific source of graft. There is no end in sight of the

shake-down or hold-up of the liquor interests in sporadic fights. Prohibition on a national scale, with compensation, is the form in which the matter should be put up to the people. And then the people should defeat it for the reason that the proposal is one revolting to the proper conception of the individual or the citizen as a free moral agent.

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An Explorer of the Mind

DR. CHARLES H. HUGHES, who died in this city last week, was one of the world's greatest explorers of the intricacies of the human mind, its thoughts, fancies, frenzies, imaginations and the vagaries of the human will. He was, for all that, no material determinist in morals. He was no atheist of science, no fetishist of the mechanistic theory. Dying at seventy-seven the glories and the horrors he had studied for half a century had bred in him a beautiful sympathy and tolerance for mortal frailty, but no spirit of denial of the divinely human soul. He realized that insanity, like poverty, was not ordered by God, but largely brought about by man's ignorance and vice. His magazine, *The Alienist and Neurologist*, was an internationally valued exponent of the most advanced psychiatry. He loved his science too well to make much money out of it. He loved human beings too much to say that they were but automata. He was of this city's great men of healing; of the tribe of McDowell, Pope, Hodgen, Bernays, Beaumont, Bauduy, Bremer, O'Reilly, Lutz and others gone into the silence. St. Louis has been for almost a century the home of noted medical and surgical practitioners. It is now a famous medical center, with vast endowments in *esse* and *posse*, but it is doubtful if the product of the great schools of to-day and to-morrow will ever surpass in genius and daring the doctors of the regime of which Charles H. Hughes was a brilliant representative.

❖❖

Is it Sunset?

THE New York *Sun* has been bought by Mr. Frank A. Munsey and consolidated with the New York *Press*, which disappears. The *Sun* news stories have vanished, but its editorial page has not lost its intellectual, humorous, satiric tang. The grand old paper succumbed to the power of commercial combination. It fought the Associated Press for years but the high cost of news was too much for it and popular taste, or lack of it, cared no longer for the inimitable *Sun* style of news and editorial presentation. Mr. Munsey has made some newspapers and unmade others. He has made a success of an egregiously popular magazine bearing his name. To some of us old-timers, his proprietorship of the paper of Charles A. Dana is little short of sacrilege, even though it accord with the zymotic *Zeitgeist* to which we cannot be wholly reconciled. The *Sun* was the newspaper man's paper as Shelley and Keats were poets' poets. There is some assurance that it will continue to be so for just so long as it shall retain the services as editor-in-chief, of that splendid, scholarly, savorsome veteran, Mr. Edward P. Mitchell.

❖❖

The Work of Mary Fels

MARY FELS will give of the handsome fortune left by her husband, Joseph Fels, the amount necessary to the foundation of a Jewish colony in Palestine upon a single tax basis. The land will be held by the community and the increase in the land value caused by the growth and activities of the community will be taken by and for the community in lieu of all other taxes. The experiment will be like the one that has been carried out successfully at Fairhope, Alabama. This will give

an impetus to the movement to get the Jews back to the land from which they were driven by proscriptive laws forbidding them to own land. The Jews were once an agricultural people. The denial of access to the land was the most potent factor in destroying their nationality and crowding them into Ghettos. Joseph Fels was a real philanthropist. He gave away during his life vast sums for the propagation of the single tax and left the remainder of his accumulations to the same end. Mary Fels gives with this money her life to the cause. If you would appreciate Mary Fels, think of the contrast between her and the late Hetty Green.

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A Decade of The Bellman

TEN years old was *The Bellman*, of Minneapolis, conducted by Mr. William C. Edgar, with its issue of July 1st. A splendid periodical, dignified in literary tone and typographically beautiful, is *The Bellman*. Its editorial comment is both graceful and forceful, and ever fair and sane. The special articles, the literary and art criticism, the historical contributions, the poems and stories in this weekly give it distinction among and indeed above many of the older Eastern magazines. In the anniversary issue many of the best of these features appearing during the decade were reproduced with an imposing and felicitous effect, and the editor told in cordial frankness the story of the enterprise to date. The number is a thing to treasure for its array of notable performances in writing. *The Bellman* is more to and for Minneapolis than the great nest of mills or St. Anthony's Falls. It is unique in form and substance among the four or five great national weeklies of this country and, in fact, of the world. May it live, increase and flourish in its maintenance of the olden identification of journalism and literature.

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Who "Coughs" Here?

WHENCE comes all the money that is evidently being put into the strong combined offensive of all the other candidates for the Democratic nomination for Governor against Col. Fred D. Gardner? What influences disgorge to defeat the man who opposes incompetency, nepotism and general spoils in the administration of this state's affairs? Who supplies the cash that is expended in spreading the slander that Col. Gardner is the booze candidate? Is it possible that the money-sharks have got behind the Anti-Saloon League to beat the man who has put upon Missouri's statutes a law providing for a farmers' land bank? What cement binds all the old partisan barnacles in a pact to keep out of the governorship a successful and clean business man? Col. Gardner is the only candidate who openly declares that he will not favor legislation to hamstring the referendum. He is the foe of hoodle. The head and front of his offending hath this extent, no more. A word to the wise, etc.

❖❖

We Were First

THE *Deutschland* is all right, but it is just as well to remember that American built submarines, a year ago, went on their own power from Canada to England and thence to the Dardanelles—a longer voyage than from Helgoland to Baltimore. What we are waiting for is the first Zeppelin to cross the Atlantic, and we won't have to wait long either.

❖❖

The Big Offensive

ABOUT the big offensive of the Allies there is not much to say other than that everybody hopes it will either succeed sufficiently or fail sufficiently to make the belligerents con-

sider peace at an early date. But peace may be nearer as a result of the Russian drive. It looks more likely that Russia will crush Austria than that Great Britain and France will drive the Germans back home. At the present rate of gain, the Allies on the Western front would get to Berlin about A. D. 2096. The big offensive must be incredibly bigger before it promises a finality in France and Flanders.

❖❖

Osborne's Victory

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE is again warden of Sing Sing. He has been vindicated of every charge prompted by grafters he dislodged from the institution and he will resume his policy of dealing with convicts, not as wild beasts but as human beings. His method of kindness failed in some few cases but it had good results in by far the greater number of experiments. Now New York should build a better prison. Sing Sing is a tiered hell. The wonder is that the place doesn't turn out more fiends. Dante never imagined anything more horrible than the cell-houses there in hot weather.

❖❖

Our Civickers

OUR "civickers" want now non-partisan elections, preferential voting, proportional representation embodied in the St. Louis charter. More machinery. It was the "civickers" who gave us the primary, and the politicians work and control the primary. The reason the politicians have captured the primary is the reason they will control these other instrumentalities: they work at politics; they are on the job. "Civickers" want machinery to do the thinking and the working of men. New election methods won't give us better men in office. Nothing will, but better men voting more intelligently and regularly. I don't care for the new election proposals. Theoretically they look good, but the one thing necessary is that more people shall be politicians working at politics. The new devices won't get us what is wanted any more than did the Australian ballot and the primary. You've got to get the people right and then they'll vote right by any machinery. They will not vote necessarily as the "civickers" think they should. Adopt all the "civickers" propose and still the boys on the job of politics will run things, will carry elections. I have read Mr. Ward Macauley's book, "Reclaiming the Ballot" (Duffield & Co., New York). It is a well written piece of indignation and protest about the corruptions of our election system, but it all simmers down to this—that the people are not enough interested in elections to see that they are honestly conducted. He wants a public forum in each precinct, headquartered preferably in a public school. That's all right, if you can get the people to the public forum. Mr. Macauley finds fault with the way newspapers deal with issues at elections. He is largely right. But new election laws won't make newspapers discuss election issues or candidates any other way than newspapers want to discuss them. With one suggestion of Mr. Macauley's I agree: that is that the young should be educated in citizenship in the schools—educated as to the fundamentals of citizenship and as to such details as the functions of officials voted for and the actual casting of the ballot. A start has been made along this line in Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, and even in New York. There is no better way of grounding people in the duties of citizenship. We might take many leaves from the book of Germany in this respect. There the child has drilled into him from the beginning his duty to the country, and it becomes his

second nature as a man. The initiative, the referendum, the recall, the primary—the politicians they were to circumvent and wipe out have found a way to pervert them to their own ends. Registration is made to facilitate the fraud it was supposed to prevent. All the machinery is pervertable to the ends of those who devote their time and ingenuity to its misuse. There is no salvation in machinery. The only thing that will help is the development by education of a real spirit of patriotism—a real interest in the use of the ballot. Once we can do that any old election machinery will work right.

♦♦♦

Dry Skullduggery

THE Anti-Saloon League has all the leading gubernatorial candidates of both parties in Missouri bluffed into silence on the subject of a bill for prohibition with an emergency clause that will give it effect without submission to the people. All, that is, but one—Col. Fred D. Gardner, Democrat. He says he is opposed to such a measure, framed to evade the referendum. The people defeated Prohibition in 1910 by more than 200,000 majority and the scheme is now to slip over Prohibition on us by statutory enactment of immediate effect through the assertion that the law is necessary for public "peace, health and safety." It is a trick to circumvent the popular will. Col. Gardner is the only leading candidate for nomination who has the courage to denounce the skullduggery. He's the kind of man Missouri needs as Governor.

♦♦♦♦

What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE Jesuits Latinized the name of K'ung Fu-tse into Confucius. He was born somewhere about 550 B. C. and belonged to the official class, became an official himself and then a teacher. Later he became a magistrate under the Duke of Lu, but "the Duke accepting a present of female musicians and giving himself over to dissipation," Confucius withdrew and wandered through the various states, a peripatetic preacher, for thirteen years. He died in 478 B. C., at the age of seventy-seven or seventy-eight. His tomb near K'uh-fow is a national shrine and in that region his descendants to-day number forty thousand. Mr. Miles Menander Dawson has compiled a volume of the sayings of the master and his disciples upon the conduct of "The Superior Man" and this has been published (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) with an introduction by Wu Ting Fang, under the title, "The Ethics of Confucius." The index of subjects dealt with covers sixteen closely printed pages. Mr. Dawson is a member of the Confucian Society of China and of the Council of the American Institute for Scientific Research; likewise is he a poet and his book is dedicated to a poetess, Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

Confucius is much the same sort of man and thinker as Socrates and Aristotle. His attitude is that of the open mind. His teachings are practical. He claimed no revelation, no inspiration, no infallibility, but in course of time all these were claimed for him, he petrified into a classic and his works into a sacred system not to be deviated from. What he thought and said is not much different from the teaching of other philosophers of other lands. He speaks what is, after all, the language of experience or common sense. Usually such language is cynical, but Confucius is not so. He recognizes the necessity of the larger view of life and sees the wisdom of not surrendering to immediate apparent good which often becomes ultimate evil. Confucius

deals with conduct rather than belief. There is not much religion, as we understand it, in Confucius' writings. A religion was built up on them later. Moreover, Confucius decidedly inculcated the liberal spirit, advised the seeking of knowledge. One of the titles of his works is "The Great Learning." He was a "lover of a wisdom"—a philosopher. His commentators distorted his teachings into a rigid system, and claimed inspiration for him that he never claimed for himself. Mr. Dawson has studied all the translations of the Confucian writings and extracted from them their most striking *dicta*, binding them together with a luminous dissertation on their significant relationships. He has made extracts also from the works of disciples like Mencius. Confucius assumes that every human being wants to be superior to his fellows—not in wordly goods but in virtue. The way to virtue is in the pursuit of truth. Self-improvement is the end. His ethic is contained in his peculiar negational statement of our Golden Rule, thus: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do unto others." He says in effect that men are mostly alike; different only in what they do. A disciple says that the Master "had no foregone conclusions, no arbitrary predeterminations, no obstinacy and no egoism." Of one of his followers he said: "Hwuy gives me no assistance. There is nothing that I say in which he does not delight." That is not the saying of an infallible. After learning, Confucius held in esteem propriety, as means to virtue. With propriety must go sincerity, and Mencius writes: "The great man is he who does not lose the child's heart." Rarely is anything advanced by Confucius as the very word of God, but the sage implies that man embodies a heavenly principle. Virtue he puts above comfort or pleasure or gratification of the appetites. Nor should men seek approbation for virtue: they should love virtue for virtue's sake. It is better to assail one's own wickedness than that of others. Indeed, the whole Confucian philosophy is individualistic, egocentric in quite astonishing degree. The desire or intention of an act is more important than its effect. He preaches steadily "rectification of purpose." A cardinal principle with Confucius is gravity and seriousness. In the family relations the greatest sin is to be "un-filial." He did not invent, but accepted, ancestor worship. As to government, the master says: "Remember this, my little children. Oppressive government is more terrible than tigers." Mr. Dawson finds in Mencius passages which he says favor a tax on land and not upon goods and condemning import duties. Reading the citations, I am inclined to think that Mr. Dawson reads into Confucius and Mencius more of Henry George and the single tax than is actually there, but, at least, the philosophers seem to have opposed taxation of production. As to military matters, Confucius says, "To lead an uninstructed people to war is to throw them away." It would serve as a slogan for our present-day preparedness campaign. Again he says: "Let a good man teach the people seven years and then they may be led to war." Mr. Dawson finds that Confucius recognized the consent of the governed as the basis of the state, that he even admitted the right of the people to depose the ruler. The Master believed in the cultivation of the arts; as he put it, in ceremonies and music. As to universal relations there is surely sufficient agnosticism in this from the "Analects:" "If you wish to know whether the dead have consciousness or not, you will know it when you die. There is no need to speculate on it now." He condemns necromancy. "Some said," (Analects Bk. XIV., cxxxvi) "What do you say concerning the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?" The Master said: "With what then will you recompense kindness? Recompense injury with justice and recompense kindness with kindness." Confucius believed in hating evil-doers. And as to people in general, Mu, another disciple, says in the "Shu-King:" "It is not heaven that does not deal impartially with men, but men ruin themselves." Mr. Dawson says: "The number of times, in all the

Confucian classics, that the appellation for Deity occurs which indicates personality and not something impersonal or multipersonal, like Heaven, and which may accordingly be translated 'God' instead of 'Heaven' is exceedingly few." Only three times in the "Shu-King" is it affirmed that God has spoken to any man.

It is strange, after reading Confucius, to reflect that the egoistic teachings of Confucius failed to produce great individuals, while the altruistic teachings of Christ, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle did produce great individuals working out altruistic ends. I think Rawlinson deals with this anomaly in his book on the great religions. Confucius' country produced, so far as we know, few "superior men." The followers of Confucius were taught to seek learning. Why did their seeking stop? What paralyzed their invention, their literature, their poetry, their art? What petrified their culture, arrested their development? There is nothing quite like it in the history of the world. India stopped too, but we know that her culture favored it, that she heard Alexander's legions thunder past and sank to sleep again, because she set her mind and heart upon meditation, acquiescence, self-annihilation in Nirvana. Confucius taught nothing like that. Mr. Dawson says that the religious machine built up on his doctrine, stressed the worship of the past and tabooed anything not found in Confucius or his commentators. Mr. Wu Ting Fang says that Confucius' teaching aimed, in its simplest definition, to show "how to get through life like a courteous gentleman." This emphasizes the element of worldliness in the ethics of Confucius, centered on "the doctrine of the mean" and the object of "the superior man." It seems plain to me that the defect of the Confucian philosophy is just this over-emphasis upon the production of "the superior man." It brought about in China that intolerable pride and self-satisfaction and concentration upon its own superiority which resulted in the stagnation from which the country has only recently begun to arouse itself. However that may be, Mr. Dawson has produced an admirable syllabus of the Master's doctrine, even though the quotations be as a whole rather dull homiletic reading, absolutely innocent of poetical or spiritual beauties.

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For twenty years I have come upon references in English writers to the high literary qualities of W. H. Hudson. Invariably they spoke with reverent enthusiasm of his book, "The Purple Land," a book I have never been able to obtain. It is a book of a naturalist traveler, with a romantic theme and combines both realism and idyllic phases. I believe it is to be published shortly in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. More than a dozen years ago I got his book, "Green Mansions," when published in London, and wrote something about it. Now it is reprinted in this country by Alfred Knopf, New York, with an introduction by John Galsworthy. More to him than any writer since Tolstoy is Hudson, for style, for vision, for a sense of primeval freedom, for closeness to nature and sympathy and understanding of the spirit of the world of wave and tree and bird and flower. Near to the unspoiled heart of common folk is Hudson, as is shown in his occasional writings about rural England in the *Saturday Review* and *The Nation*. You will look in vain for a biography of Hudson. He says he has no history. The best of him is in his books, and he has put there what he has felt and seen. Hudson is somewhat of the same kind of anarch as Edward Carpenter, a bit of a Thoreau or a Burroughs. Richard Jefferies is of his class too, but Hudson is not so subjective. "Green Mansions" is a story of a strange adventure in a tropical forest far up the Orinoco, in and beyond wildest Venezuela. For the devourers of "best sellers" there is nothing in "Green Mansions." It is a story without thick-piled incident—a story told for the pleasure of the style in the telling. It is not hustled to its end. It is paid out gradually as if the author were

reluctant to release it and would hold as long as possible the joy of its narration. For a comparison with Hudson, one has to turn to Conrad. If anything, Hudson is more deliberate than Conrad. He cares more for description of scenery and less for the development of character by innumerable touches subtly introduced. "Green Mansions" is the story of a bird-girl *Rima*—a *belle sauvage*, living in a tropical wilderness, speaking Spanish when she must, but having a sort of bird-speech by which she controls the forest creatures. A gold hunter stopping with a tribe of Indians meets her in the jungle. They fall in love, of course. She is the ward of an old Spaniard who has lived with her since he took her as a child from her dying mother, the last woman of a lost tribe who had the strange speech of trills, warblings, flutings, cooings possessed by *Rima*. To the Indians she is the daughter of the Didi—a creature of evil influence who haunts the wilderness. She is to them a malefic sprite who bars them from a region of good hunting with their blow-pipes. To *Abel* she is like a human butterfly or humming bird, flitting in thickets or through the tops of the great trees and expressing in her avic language the most delicate and delicious subtleties of feeling. Very unreal, you will say: yes, as I tell it. But Hudson's telling is genius. *Rima* is actual in his pages, as actual as the huge, multi-colored, odor-steeped, pulsing mysterious forest. The South American jungle lives for us, with *Rima* for its bright spirit, dominating the serpents and even stilling with her bird voices the chatter-storms of flocks of monkeys. The forest itself is a kind of personality which Hudson interprets for the reader. The book transports and translates one out of the now on the hypnotic music of its style, with the hascheesch quality of its atmosphere. I shall not try to tell the story, or say more than that the awful fate of *Rima*, the bird-girl, is an incident told with wondrous power. The teller of the story is a master at the probing of the intricacies, the clarification of the confusions of emotions. The book is all descriptive; not at all dramatic; but its slow, deliberate, cumulative method produces an inescapable illusion of reality. One suffers poignantly with *Abel* in his loss of the bird-sprite, incinerated by savages in the great tree from which she first looked down upon him trilling her wonder. As real I say is "Green Mansions" as Col. Roosevelt's story of his adventures in the discovery of the River of Doubt in a region near to Hudson's imaginary country. Any reader not infatuated with the literature of "the punch" will rejoice in this narrative, in its pedestrian development of detail, in its suffusion with eerie mystery and its essential rendering of an aspect of the world uncluttered with the "thingfulness" of civilization. It is a book of revolt against the impact and the fencing-in of modern life. The story is a beautiful abandon to that nature from which we have evolved into sadness, badness, madness, with but very little of gladness. It is a throwing wide open of heart and mind and soul to the vast joy of the natural world. Hudson is a more clairvoyant Rousseau, a less city-sophisticated John Eglinton of those limpidly simple "Two Essays on the Remnant." His sympathies have no boundaries and his story of *Rima* is a miracle mingling of passion and beauty in a symbol of perfection brought to a pinch of fine white ashes by the conspiracy of lower, evil wills. But out of those ashes arise unsundering faith and hope in the ideal that seems lost. Mr. John Galsworthy's "Foreword" to "Green Mansions" is a little essay in which for once he forgets "detachment" in rapture. But no one can be detached as to the work of Hudson. He has evoked the enthusiasm even of George Bernard Shaw and Gilbert K. Chesterton. For myself, I enjoy the Hudsonian style, but the gospel of "the return to nature" is piffle. Recognizing nature, as one for whom, like Theophile Gautier, the visible world exists, I see in nature an impulse of man away from the daedal feral felicities, and in Hudson, as in Thoreau, Burroughs, Jefferies, Rousseau, I see that the glamour they find in nature is something they

have brought back to it from the civilization they condemn. We love nature, mostly, as we love youth, in the backward look, and the sociologists who want us to get our new view from Morgan's "Ancient Society" simply tell us we should revert to crawling on all fours instead of walking erect. There never was a Golden Age. I doubt if there ever will be. But always there sings in each man's heart a bird-girl like *Rima* luring him on strange quests.

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Speaking of the "return to nature," Mr. George Thomas White Patrick, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy in the State University of Iowa, takes a running jump at it and gets there with both feet, landing incidentally with catapultic effect upon the gospel of efficiency and the strenuous life generally. He does this in a fresh, free and forceful book, "The Psychology of Relaxation" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York). We have been living too hard, says Mr. Patrick. We have been burning ourselves up, wearing ourselves out with too much concentration. The madness of business is upon us. Life at high-pressure has become extreme. We take ourselves too seriously. We are under a drive at school, in the office, the store, the factory. All this we know. We know, too, that we have been going sport and speed mad—over dancing, the movies, the automobile. We go in for more alcohol, drugs. The degenerative diseases get us earlier than they got our fathers and forefathers. We are working too hard with our brain. We have developed it until all our other organs are approaching atrophy. We have repressed a multitude of primitive impulses, not altogether successfully. Those impulses are in revolt, subconsciously. When the rebellion comes to the surface it is always in the form of a reversion to simpler primitive forms of behavior. So it is that the reaction takes the form of sport or play. The child's activities and the play activities of the adult tend always to take the form of old racial pursuits. Mr. Patrick elaborately and entertainingly sets forth the psychology of play. It seems that in play we revert to imitation of the activities of the earlier, less sophisticated world—hunting, camping, swimming, climbing. The charm of baseball and football is the charm of primitive struggle. If we are not in the games ourselves we participate vicariously and vociferously. Some people say that sports have a brutalizing tendency. That is not exactly true. But many sports and games represent a temporary reversion to primitive forms of the discharge of human energy. We are not physiologically adjusted to our high-tension brains and as a consequence we react to various crazes. We have reached a stage at which we spend millions for playgrounds in the cities and we actually have to teach children how to play—when children should, in fact, do nothing else. Play means, in its essence, for adults, rest from the strain of affairs and that rest is sought and found in primitive attitudes physical or mental. We want to get away from our tirelessly tyrannical brains with their remorseless purposes and objectives. Civilization to be sane, to be cured of its madness for doing things must be balanced by more of the play motive, but, of course, we must not become possessed of a play-madness. Mr. Patrick discourses also on the psychology of laughter. A most interesting chapter, which I would condense into the statement that we laugh when we get away from the terrific brain-tyranny that oppresses us. We laugh at anything that upsets the inhibitions, the moralities, the conventions, the rigorous order of things. We are so held-in by our training, by the social restraints, by forms and ceremonies, by the proprieties, that when something happens or is said that kicks over all those things without really serious results, why, we just let loose and break out in what old Hobbes—who invented the most serious and inhibitive thing in the world—the State—calls "a sudden glory." A parable is found in the child beginning to walk across the room. What a serious, desperate, precarious progress is his, what a succession of indecisions, alarms, frights, paralyses until at last he attains the chair for which he started.

And then he breaks forth into laughter. Mr. Patrick thinks we need more laughter. I don't think he thinks the things we laugh at give a very good quality of laughter. For example, our comic supplements or the things the "tired business man" laughs at in the girl-show euphoniously called a "revue." Good laughter nearly always signalizes a recognition of a departure from artificial, civilized conditions to primitive ones that mock and defy the established *convenances*. Next Mr. Patrick psychologizes profanity as still another return to primitive explosiveness. We swear and use cuss-words somewhat as in our arboreal or cave-dwelling stages we roared or growled at our enemies. Or we use instinctively the degenerated and disinfected forms of summons to gods or malefic powers. Profanity is a breaking out of or over civilized language. It is rebellion against inhibitions and repressions on language by good social form or religious authority. When Mr. Patrick deals with the psychology of alcohol he says things that might drive prohibitionists to drink, though he does not approve of alcohol. What he insists upon is the universal craving for alcohol. He asks why the craving exists. He says there's no cure for the alcoholic craving of the race in repression. By clamping on the lid, the lid will only be blown off. If the lid be tightly sealed the kettle will burst. The thing to do is to put out the fire. How? By substitution of something for alcohol. Probably more life out of doors, more play. Mr. Patrick classes alcohol with play or sport and laughter and profanity as a means of relaxation. It puts the soft pedal on life's strain. By way of narcotism it produces a semblance of stimulation. It effects an apparent change of personality. It throws off the bonds of custom. "Under the progressive influence of alcohol, we see the whole life history of the race traversed in reverse direction, for the criminal life of to-day represents the normal life of primitive man." That's Mr. Patrick's summary of the so-called "disenthralment" accomplished by alcohol on the individual. And the reason people take to alcohol is because they find that it does emancipate them from the repressions and suppressions and strenuities and tensions of the rigor of the game of life. So with war. The psychology of war is that while society has got beyond war, recognizes its absurdity and unnecessaryness, people have not. They revert to war in an escape from the grind of life. They find peace in fighting. They fly in affright from the Chautauqua life, as Professor William James did. War is a natural reaction from the demands of efficiency. It is a harking back to destruction from construction. It is, as someone has said, reversed engineering. And perhaps it clears the atmosphere for better things. All the logic in the world is against war. All social effort is against it. But war comes when it comes and nothing can stop it. Why? Because man seems to need periodically a deeper plunge into the primeval than he can find in play or profanity or alcohol. Then he takes to war. It is a relief of the tension of progress. It is a form of rest—through change of activity. I would sum up Mr. Patrick's book by saying that he says the great trouble with the world is that it has made itself tired and wants to change the *tempo*. He thinks that we can get rid of our fatigue by developing and utilizing the play instinct and by finding substitutes for alcohol and war. He laments that the direction feminism is taking is towards more strenuosity and autophagy all around. More fatigue. More relaxation he calls for, and more conservation of the physiological vigor of the race. We must stop pushing the higher brain to the limit. If we don't we shall lose our physiological vigor, and more and less civilized people will displace us. Mr. Patrick believes that we can save civilization, even without alcohol and war—possibly by eugenics and education—but he's very vague. He's strong on diagnosis, weak in prescription, but he can write like a son-of-gun, even if he hasn't found my own particular pill to cure earthquakes—the single tax. It's relaxing to read his "Philosophy of Relaxation."

Alcohol and Society

By Alpheus Stewart

IT is to be regretted that all Americans will not read John Koren's "Alcohol and Society," issued this year by Henry Holt & Company, New York. It might cause even the phobias of the Prohibition propaganda to pause for a moment to reflect on the advisability of giving a vestige of thought now and then to the theories they so passionately advocate. For John Koren's book is a cold, calm, logical, scientific examination of this great question of alcohol and its effect on society. He is no protagonist of alcohol, but it may be said here that the average Prohibitionist will find very little comfort in his showing of the incredible ignorance and futility of that entire movement in America. The book would do the passionate kind of Prohibitionists very little good however, as the author says that "theirs is the enviable confidence of not needing to learn." Which is equivalent to saying that they are so ignorant that they do not see the need of knowing. Yet these passionate men are, by the fury of their passion, misleading the women and the children, and, aided by designing politicians and weak-minded men, are trying to take the whole country with them straight into the bogs of Prohibition. This, he thinks, is the worst possible thing that could happen to the cause of temperance reform. Nevertheless, his book is no argument for any pet theory. It is, instead, a remarkably sane and painstaking examination of the situation as it really exists.

In the beginning, the author shows that nearly all the so-called scientific and statistical information issued by alleged temperance reformers is almost altogether unreliable. Using both figures and alleged facts with the greatest recklessness, a great body of falsehood and exaggeration has arisen to obscure the truth. Even the data of scientists who have made hasty physiological examination of the problem do not carry conviction, because of the imperfection of the method employed. Thus, most tests to discover the extent to which alcohol reacts on the human body have been carried on without reference to the habits and tolerance of the individual. As there is a wide difference between individuals, he thinks this matter must be determined before any accurate scientific idea can be had as to the real effect of alcohol on the human system. He says it has not been proved that alcohol, in reasonable quantities, is hurtful to the average man. He even attacks one of the main reliances of the Prohibitionists—the conclusions of the actuaries of the life insurance companies. He cites many actuaries who insist that the conclusion that moderate drinking shortens human life, has not been proved, although there is evidence to show that the total abstainers have a small percentage the best of it. He reveals how these conclusions of the actuaries are reached—by separating the teetotalers from the drinkers. In the latter class there is always sure to be a number of men who abuse alcohol and thus bring down the average of the whole class. It is admitted—any one can see—that the abuse of liquor leads to both physical and moral deterioration and shortens life. The author, while asserting that alcohol in reasonable quantities may do no harm, has no tolerance for the contention of the liquor people that it is a positive benefit or has a food value. He devotes a chapter to the discussion of alcohol and poverty, and while he does not believe that alcohol is a promoter of prosperity, he protests that the wild assertions made by the Prohibitionists that strong drink is responsible for most poverty is not proved; that, on the contrary, with their usual confusion of values, they have got cause and effect transposed. He devotes chapters to the discussion of alcohol and crime and insanity. He says: "To depend on the customary statistical evidence purporting to define intemperance as the principal factor in most of our social ailments, is to ask one to accept assertion for fact." In proof of the uncertainty of the assertions made as to alcohol as

the causative agent of disease, he compares the health figures of countries with varying degrees of alcoholic consumption. Among other examples, he cites Norway and Denmark as refutation of the Prohibition theory that drink is the cause of most insanity. Denmark's figures are 34.02 and Norway's figures 43.09 in ten thousand. Denmark consumes vast quantities of liquor, while Norway has become one of the most temperate countries in the world. He shows still further perplexing contrasts as to other diseases and concludes that other causes than alcohol must be sought in this quarter; while alcohol may be one of these causes, to accept the prohibition view that it is the main cause is absurd.

Some of the chapter headings which indicate the character of the books are: "Alcoholism's Unknown Factors," "Present Conditions," "Experiments in Prohibition," "National Prohibition," "Government and Prohibition," "The Anti-Saloon League," "Evolution of the Saloon," "Local Option," "High License and Restriction."

Mr. Koren treats at length the history of the attempts at reforming the drink evil in this country and finds it nothing but one long record of failure. The Commission on Temperance appointed by the government of Sweden, a number of years ago, which spent four years of work on the problem, studied the question in America, and announced that there was nothing to be learned here. The reason of our failure is the most complete lack of intelligence in dealing with the question, which is, moreover, muddled and confused at the present time by the conflicting interests of time-serving politicians. The battle for temperance reform is a conglomerate of sentiment, politics, prejudice and ignorance. The Prohibitionists take the extreme position of absolute and sudden suppression, a thing utterly impractical, as has been shown time and again. Whether a human necessity or not, a habit that has existed in man since the beginning of history, cannot be thus summarily dealt with, and to deal with it as the prohibitionists have always insisted on doing, inevitably results in moral loss and injury to the cause of temperance. He shows that even high license laws do not reduce the consumption of liquor, and are wrong in principle because they encourage the saloonist to push the sale of spirits, on which he makes the most money. In fact, a dramshop without a considerable sale of spirits is impossible under high license. And the license is set at an arbitrary figure, whether much or little is sold. Henry George proposed the abolition of all saloon licenses and revenue taxation as a remedy for the liquor evil. He would have it sold any or everywhere and remove any inducement to push the business by the need of meeting the special taxes. There is a lack of intelligence shown in all our liquor taxing laws, which take no account of the alcoholic content of a beverage. The single glint of success he sees in all our muddled attempts at temperance reform is local option. Local option has succeeded in many rural districts where a preponderance of sentiment favored it, but it exists in numerous districts where there is no such sentiment, and there it is a failure. A majority vote for prohibition does not inevitably represent a majority sentiment in its favor, and in such places it is sure to be a failure. Mr. Koren thinks it is utterly impossible to enforce such laws without a favorable sentiment behind them, and is convinced that with the idea oppressing many men that prohibition stands for morals, and the interference of interested politicians, Prohibition is often imposed against the real sentiment of a majority. And yet the attempt is now being made to secure the passage of a resolution for prohibition by amendment of the National Constitution by thirty-six states, which conceivably may contain less than forty per cent of the population, to impose the prohibition tyranny on the entire country, with an army of revenue officers to enforce it.

Mr. Koren devotes a chapter to every civilized country in the world, giving the conditions of the drink traffic and the different attempts at temperance

reform. He thinks that nearly all foreign countries are much more advanced in temperance reform than we. For instance, nearly all countries make a distinction between beverages. Most of them are attacking spirits as the great evil, and some of them exempt from taxation beverages containing as little as 2½ per cent of alcohol. But your Prohibitionist in this country makes not such distinction, nor realizes that the age-old taste for strong drink, if suddenly deprived of supply, must find some substitute. It booms the drug habits. Some Prohibition states have gone so far as sternly to interdict a number of beverages that contain no alcohol whatever.

The greatest hope of temperance reform, the author sees in what is called the Gottenberg system. This system organized in Gottenberg, Sweden, a number of years ago, was afterward adopted by Norway and greatly improved. A company with Lord Grey at its head has established it in England, and the idea is growing. It has made Norway, in terms of alcoholic consumption, one of the most temperate countries in the world. The system is too extensive in detail to describe here. Suffice to say that a number of reputable citizens, willing to undertake the service, organize a company and are given a monopoly of the liquor traffic for the district. They have no interest in the profits of the concern, being paid only a reasonable interest on their investment. The profits go partly to charity and partly to the state. Various devices are adopted to deal with the drinker who abuses liquor, and in many ways the purpose is to discourage the consumption of spirits and substitute therefor fermented drinks. The results show that the plan works for the promoting of temperance.

The book is a powerful indictment of the Prohibition mania and is not the less powerful in that it deals with facts and is so temperate in tone.

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Anonymous

By G. Charles Hodges

IT was Paris—in springtime.

But the little old lady in the carriage had no eyes for the milliner girls, with their handboxes, smiles and bunches of flowers. Even the budding of the elms and the chestnuts, the gay spots of the boulevards, meant nothing to her any more.

She sat very straight, for an elderly lady, in the landau. Her weary-lidded eyes were half shut; but it made no difference, for she saw things just as clearly—thinking back as old people will. Now and again she would smile tremulously at her two companions. And they would nod in sympathetic comprehension over what most of the hurrying world had forgotten. As the horses turned from the Champs Elysées, the friends watched her the more kindly. The carriage swung about a great open place vibrant with the shimmer of verdure crowding into full green—Paris, the captive of spring.

As for the little old lady, she only pressed her agitated lips together, then beckoned the coachman into the curb. Her friends hastened to step out; she laid a detaining hand on the door, a remonstrance of quiet dignity.

—No, my dears, would they remain in the carriage for a little while, because it was an old person's wish—to be alone in the Gardens?

They would, of course.

—Not even the footman to follow her?

Not even the footman.

And she smiled her appreciation to them.

She had not long, this springtime, in Paris. Moreover, one could not tell if there would be another for her. Old people could not count too much on tomorrow; long ago she had learned that it was only yesterdays that never failed, no matter how often taken from the coverings of the past. She idled down the walks among the nursemaids with their serge capes and starched linen, and the precisely dressed children. The young ones stared after

her—she seemed in some way the grandmother of them all. And the nurses stopped flirting with the gendarmes long enough to wonder who she was, this old lady. As for her, the dead years fell away while she lived again the other mornings spent in the Gardens when it was springtime; the spring-time of her days.

He-he! an old one! . . . She saw that the paths were nicely gravelled—just as they used to be; the grass plots were as blatant a green as in the other times. Even a flower bed—! She stooped closer and blinked her eyes, for they were not what they once were. Something hard kept coming into her throat as she reached for the single bloom. . . .

"Pardon, madame, but it is not permitted to pick the flowers here!"

At the sound of the rough voice, perilously near, the little old lady started. She turned, to be confronted by a gardener standing inflexibly in the path. In a flash the reminiscent happiness dropped from her worn face.

The man shifted apologetically at the sight of the pain in the little old lady's eyes—maledictions on the rules! He caught at his hat, relenting, with a jerk of courtesy. "But the flower in the hand, it is that you may keep it," he added, not ungraciously.

Agitated, the other clutched the *ne m'oubliez pas* in her thin white fingers.

The gardener coughed discreetly.

"If it might be asked—your name?" he ventured.

"My name?" repeated the little old lady. She looked at the forget-me-not in her hand, then away up the path. There seemed to be something recalled by it, for she drew herself up in a kind of imperial dignity. The gardener was almost impressed. *Une grande dame?* He regarded her closely as she spoke.

"I am Eugénie," she said simply.

She smiled upon the republican with distant sweetness. She walked up the newly raked gravel, slowly, clasping the forget-me-not.

The gardener gazed after her—scratched his head.

"Eugénie! what do you know?" blankly interrogated the man. "Eugénie—ch, now—Eugénie—what?"

From *The Chimacra* (Washington, D. C.)

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The Orpet Case

ITS BEARING ON OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

Here is a resounding editorial from the San Francisco "Argonaut" on the Orpet case, recently concluded at Waukegan, Ill. As an attack upon co-education and, indeed, upon our public school system, the article has the value of summoning all other arguments to the defense, first of all the defensive arguments being that "one swallow doesn't make a summer" and that one Marion Lambert and one Will Orpet do not damn an institution or a system in or under which countless thousands of boys and girls have been brought up to lives of use and beauty.

THIS boy and this girl at the period of developing sex-consciousness were thrown together in school under conditions tending to nullify the natural instincts of adolescent reserve. The daily exigencies of school life involved physical juxtapositions. Many of the studies which they pursued together—for he it remembered that Wisconsin led off in the movement for instruction in sex hygiene—were stimulative of sensations, the meaning of which boys and girls would better learn elsewhere or in separated classes. Besides all this there were opportunities for little-restrained association afforded by periods of "recess" and by the journey morning and evening between home and school. Is it any wonder that under these circumstances these children, untrained and unguarded, came

to shame and grief? Would it not be cause for wonder if under such suggestions and association they had contrived to escape, if not positive disaster, at least some smirching of mind and soul? Others, in instances far more numerous than it is pleasant to reflect upon or wise to record, have so suffered. And if there be those who do not know that the experience is a common one, it is because they are either too blind or too stupid to see and comprehend that which lies before them in plain view.

The scheme of co-education which has grown into an accepted principle and all-but-universal practice in this country is veritably a delusion and a snare. As illustrated by the Orpet case, it leads oftentimes directly to moral disaster. Not often is the consequence so tragic as in this instance. But the cases are numerous beyond computation where there is left a record of painful or shameful memories. The system tends to break down the truest and soundest safeguards of self-respect and individual morals. Even at its best—and it is not always at its best—it tends to destruction of those delicacies which have their proper and useful effect in regulating the relationships of boys and girls.

Nothing short of moral disaster can be more seriously damaging to a young girl than to acquire prematurely and abnormally a passion for masculine association. Who has not observed its effects a thousand times over? They are traceable in a too-positive development of sex-sensibilities, in a feverish dependence upon the excitements of masculine companionship, in discontent with and contempt for the humdrum associations and duties of domestic life, in the ten thousand futile and mischievous aspirations which fill the mind of that young womanhood to whom nothing else or better has been given to do or think about. Powell Street any sunny afternoon—and Powell Street is mostly sunny—presents a continuous procession of this species of moral wreckage—wreckage none the less because arrayed in the tip of the mode and bright with silks and jewels.

It is, we know, a common assumption that in the case of boys, nothing matters. But the truth is that the social effects of co-education are quite as serious for boys as for girls. The youth who has learned through untimely familiarity the lesson of freedom with women is a youth demoralized at many points of his character. Yet this is just the lesson that is impressed upon the average boy under the juxtapositions of co-educational life. For the wholesomely disciplinary gallantries of a past generation on the part of boys towards girls, and for the likewise wholesomely disciplinary reserves on the part of girls towards boys, we have now as a direct consequence of co-education a certain loose camaraderie not necessarily bad in a moral sense, but surely mischievous in its destruction of dignity and grace in the social relations of young men and young women. Familiarity breeds contempt, says an old saw. Never was there a truer phrase. Familiarity not only breeds contempt, but it breeds a hundred other tendencies confusing if not destructive of moral sensibilities and fatal to what is most admirable and lovely both in youth and maturity.

Along with co-education, and as one of its concomitants, we have the universal reign of the woman teacher. The feminine mind dominates practically every schoolroom. It follows naturally that feminine motives, feminine modes of thought, feminine standards are drilled into our boys. Too often boys emerge from school strangers, excepting as nature will have its way, to manly ways of thinking and doing. To a very considerable extent this condition explains the emotionalism so manifest to-day in many of the activities of life.

It is of vastly greater importance that the school-boy should be impressed with masculine ideals and standards—that he should be taught to be a man—than that he should master the details of the curriculum. It will count more for his effectiveness in life that he should know things for what they are as they are regarded and understood by men

than that he should be possessed of the many futile things which women teachers impose upon boys in their innocence of what boys should really be taught. It is a fact of universal observation that boys bred up in the country tend to higher practical capability in later life than boys brought up in cities. In pretty much all the greater activities of modern life it is the country-bred boy who wins the prizes. Who to-day holds leadership in the professions and in business in our own city of San Francisco? Is it the town-bred boy or is it the country-bred boy? It requires little knowledge of local history to answer this query. Explanation lies not in the intrinsic superiority of the country-bred youth, for, in truth, he has entered the race more or less handicapped by social ineptitude, but in the circumstances under which the two classes of youths have been reared. Your city-bred boy has had small benefit of training or tutelage at masculine hands. His father in nine cases out of ten is a clerk, a mechanic, or whatnot, busy from morning till night in activities detached and apart from his home. The boy is brought up by his mother or by nurses until school age. Then through successive grades he is taught by women. He comes out of school anywhere from sixteen to twenty years of age without ever having been in contact with a man's occupations, and with only that species of masculine discipline which is occasionally administered in the woodshed or the attic to the accompaniment of maternal tears. Your boy of country breeding, on the other hand, gets the training which fits him for the duties of a manly career. He goes afield with his father or with the farm help. He is busy with calves and colts. He learns to use the implements of the farm, and he quickly and naturally assumes the responsibilities which go with all these contacts. His associations from the moment he can toddle from the house to the barn are more than less with men and perforce his ambitions, his habits of thought, his standards take on the masculine form and color. His training, a bit crude though it may be as respects the refinements of life, is the training of a man.

No matter where our judgments or sympathies may lie in relation to the war in Europe, we have all learned to admire German efficiency. Whatever is done by this virile race, whether it be the business of war or the business of peace, is done with an amazing and an admirable effectiveness. The lesson ought not to be lost upon the world. We in particular will do well to study the method by which German efficiency has been attained. The Germans do not make the mistake of impressing their boys with feminine ideas. Nor do they make the other mistake of setting up scholasticism as the be-all and end-all of human worthiness. In German schools—in other than primary grades—girls associate with girls and are taught by women; boys' schools are exclusively for boys and are taught by men. A German boy at the end of a period of schooling is grounded and drilled in masculine ideals and standards. He goes at his work, whatever it may be, schooled in the ambitions which lie at the base of a manly career.

Men and brethren, if we are going to have in this country a race marked by the modesty and virtue of its women and by the hardihood and force of its men, we have got to revise the standards and reorganize the methods of our educational system. We have got to throw over the false conception that boys and girls, designed by nature for different purposes, may be brought up upon the same standards and trained in the same courses. We have got to so adjust our system as to make it harmonize with the rule of nature which has differentiated men and women in their physical organizations and in their varying characters. In short, we have got to train men to be men and women to be women. We cannot train men to be men under the exclusive instruction and dominance of women; we cannot train women in the graces of womanly character under a loose system of camaraderie which destroys instinctive reserve and breaks down the finer intuitions of womanly character.

Influence of the Movies

Someone who can write and not half try is doing a sketch a day, just like this one, in the Chicago "Daily News." The writer should be rescued from obscurity. Here's realism that isn't nasty.

"SAY," said the young man with the incipient black mustache, resting his elbows on the arms of the uncomfortable chair in which he sat and making an unsuccessful effort to anchor himself on the peak of the shiny black leather seat "I was to a swell pitcher show last night."

The young woman, who had slid into a corner of a similar chair, crossed her feet and continued examining her dainty fingernails.

"That so?" she inquired with languid interest. "I don't go to pitcher shows very much myself. I guess I ain't been to one for more'n a week."

"Well, you'd ought to a' seen this one," continued the young man eagerly. "It was a peach, all right—all about a fellow and a girl, and, gee, she was a peach all right, and the fellow was crazy about the girl and the girl wasn't crazy about the fellow until pretty near the end, but then she was. And so they got married and went to live in the swellest little bungalow!"

"Gee," said the girl, putting her fingers across her mouth, and yawning elaborately. "I don't wonder you was crazy about it."

The young man reddened slightly.

"Well, of course, I know it don't sound like much of anything the way I tell it," he said, looking crestfallen. "I always was a natural born dub to tell things and get the punch in. It was great, just the same," he concluded doggedly.

"I don't know as anybody said it wasn't," said the girl. There was a few minutes' silence. Then she continued.

"Say, will you excuse me a minute?" she said. "I want to go out in the dining room and phone Will Riley. I promised I'd call him up right after supper and here it is twenty after 8 and I never thought a word about it until just this minute, and I'm afraid he'll think it's awful funny! You won't mind if I go out and do it now, will you?"

The young man's backbone straightened.

"Sure not!" he said. "Don't let me being here prevent you calling up any of your gentleman friends. I wouldn't 'a' butted in at all if I'd known you was expecting another fellow."

The girl smiled brightly.

"Who said I was expecting another fellow?" she queried. "Can't I say I was going to call up a gentleman friend of mine without you feeling you got to pass a remark like that?"

"I don't know as you could call it passing a remark," said the young fellow, stiffly. Then, with a palpable effort to appear indifferent, he added: "All I said was don't let me being here interfere with any of your plans in any way. Go to it!"

"Oh, there's piles of time," said the girl, easily. "I guess he'll be to home all evening. I can call him up any time. Well, say now, what was it you was telling me about the pitcher show you was to? Who did you say you went with?"

"Oh, just some folks in our building," said the youth. "What I was telling you was how the fellow was willing to do anything for the girl and the girl was willing to do anything for the fellow, just because they was so crazy about each other. And even though the fellow wasn't pulling down awful big wages after they was married they was happy. Say, it was great, all right."

"Listens kind of like a frost to me," commented the girl. "I like a show where there's something doing. Did you say the folks you was with lived in your building?"

"Sure," replied the young man, "right acrost from us. They thought it was great, too, and awful true to life, 'cause it showed how two folks could get

married even if they didn't have much money and be happy."

"When it comes right down to it," said the girl critically, "I don't know's I'm so awful keen on mush. Did you say the girl you was with was crazy about the show?"

"Girl?" exploded the badgered youth. "Who said I was with a girl? I wasn't with no girl. I was just with these here folks acrost the hall and the lady's a friend of ma's and she's a pile older'n what ma is at that. Her husband was along, too. I come out my door just as they come out of theirs and she says: 'Come on over to the show with us, Ed.' And I was feeling kind of blue over something you said the other night about how you thought a fellow'd ought to have as much as two or three thousand dollars salted down before he asked a girl to marry him. So after I seen this show and it was all about how two folks could be happy even if they didn't have a lot of money, I thought maybe some time—" He paused.

"But I guess it ain't no use. I guess you're right. A fellow hasn't got no business to ask a girl—"

"Say, Ed," interrupted the young woman, twisting her dainty fingers together while the pretty color mounted her cheeks, "you hadn't ought to pay no attention to what I say sometimes. I—I—talk awful crazy when I get going. Ma says I'm a fright."

"Honest, I don't ever remember passing such a remark, and that shows how I couldn't 'a' meant it, when I don't even remember saying it, don't it?"

"Say, Ed," she continued, suddenly jumping to her feet, "I made some dandy fudge last night! Let's go out and fill up a little box of it and let's go out and take a walk. And, say, Ed, if that show's over to the pitcher showhouse again to-night I think it would be kind of nice to go in and see it, don't you? It's been an awful long time since I was to a show. I bet it's been most a couple of weeks."

♦♦♦♦

Efficiency

By Cecil Fanning

SHE had just come back from Servia, Where she had done Red Cross duty, Traveling from village to city; But most of her time was at Nish, In the hospital there for diseases. Her skill was of far too great value To be wasted upon the mere wounded, So, they gave her the cases of Typhus. She was young, nerveless and skillful, Efficiency marked every action! A perfect machine, firm and steady. Temperament? . . . Imagination? . . . Such things were not in her nature. . . . They unfit one for practical nursing! She had come back from the War Zone, Back from the maimed and the wounded, Back from the dead and the dying, And I was all interest to meet her, To ask of her some certain questions. But she did not respond to my queries, Her answers were vague and dispassionate; So at length I resorted to bromides, Such as: "Surely your nerves must be shattered, After all of the horrors you've witnessed?" "Oh! no!" she responded with candor, "I had such a good time coming over That I forgot all about it!" Then I asked: "In traveling through Servia Did you see devastation and sorrow, And terrible pillage and wreckage?" "Well, I traveled mostly by night-time And didn't see much of the country." And 'twas thus from one theme to another, Till the topic was almost exhausted. But . . . the story of Max I got from her, Told with no trace of emotion. . . . I think she must merely have told it To say something, make conversation;

And little she guessed how it stirred me, How deeply and keenly I felt it.

Max was a robust young Austrian, Six feet or more in his stockings, Red-lipped, blue-eyed and gold-headed, Good-looking, too, not yet twenty, But the Typhus had got at his vitals, And they brought him to Nish among strangers. You know how the Typhus grips strong ones, And holds them till death claims the salvage? Well, Max had to die, and he knew it. He was a soldier, no coward, And accepted his fate, uncomplaining. He spoke but a few words of English, And the Nurse scarcely knew any German, So Max spent the long hours in silence. Just what were his thoughts as he lay there? The study of man's so evasive. . . . Each seems a little bit different, Yet at heart there's the primitive sameness. And the ages have made little difference: Perhaps, just a thin veneered coating Has changed the exterior a trifle, But the thousands of years have not changed him, Nor the countless and mixed generations Since Abraham talked with Jehovah, Exacting, extracting the promise That this seed should increase and live after Possessing the gate of their enemies. And Max was a man, not yet twenty, He was a soldier, no coward, Yet, there he was, stricken with fever; His name would grace no Roll of Honor, No Iron Cross, no Decoration Would hang in his home with his picture! His mother would go to the Halle To ask of her son, and be given A card with the one words, "*Gestorben*." And with her would be other mothers To inquire for their sons and be given Cards with the grand word, "*Gefallen*," (Fallen in battle as heroes.) He had no wife who would mourn him, No children. . . . no seed to live after Possessing the gate of their enemies! He must have thought thus as he lay there, But he had been stalwart and healthy, And he was too young to be bitter. So, one day he asked for his knapsack; To his Nurse he had "*etwas zu geben*," For she was efficient and skillful, And he was alone among strangers, And was grateful to her for her kindness. His weak, feverish fingers went fumbling Into the depths of his knapsack, And the Nurse stood by, half expecting A relique from some sacked cathedral, Or bauble from some pillaged jewel-shop. He smiled as he found what he sought for, And proffered the Nurse his one treasure: A torn, crumpled leaf that enfolded A few little seeds he had gathered From some ripened plant on the wayside. "*Pflanzen*," he said, "*bitte, Fräulein*, Plant, for me, in fremdem Lande!" To humor her patient she took them, And he sank back, satisfied, smiling, For had not Jehovah made promise That the seed should increase beyond numbers Possessing the gate of their enemies?

With an effort I ceased introspection; And said: "You will plant them when Spring comes?"

The Nurse smiled in healthy contentment, (This perfect machine, so efficient), For now she was on a vacation, And laughed as she leaned back, relaxing: "Well, what do you know about that now! Giving me that kind of present! They might have been weeds for all he knew, So I threw them away when I left him."

Letters From the People

A Translation of Heredia

St. Louis, July 15, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

If Mr. William Booth Papin, whose letter you print in this week's issue, wants a translation of Jose-Maria De Heredia's sonnet, "The Hymn of the Coral," from "Les Trophees," let him read "Sonnets of Heredia," rendered into English verse by Edward Robeson Taylor (Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, Cal.), editions of 1897, 1898, 1902 and 1906. Mr. Taylor, who was mayor of San Francisco some few years ago, well says that "the task of representing Heredia's sonnets in the English is truly Herculean * * * but the very difficulty is a challenge to those who love the sonnet form and delight to work in it; and even partial success in such an endeavor is almost a victory." Herewith a copy of the sonnet Englished, not with complete felicity, in my opinion, by Mr. Taylor. Mr. William Booth Papin could not have set your readers a harder task in translation than this particular piece of verse.

THE CORAL REEF

The sun beneath the wave, like strange dawn shown,
Illumes the unbounded coral forest trees,
Where mix in tepid basins of the seas
The living plants with creatures flower-like blown.

And those that salt's or iodine's tints have known—

Moss, algæ, urchins and anemones—
Cover, with purple, sumptuous traceries,

The madrepo're's vermiculated stone.

A monstrous fish, whose iridescence dims

Enamel's sheen, across the branches swims.

In lucid shade he indolently preys;

And, sudden, from his fin of flaming hue

A shiver, through the immobile, crystal-blue,

Of emerald, gold and nacre swiftly plays.

ALMAVIVA SIMPKINS.

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Salem, Ore., July 10, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Was very sorry to learn of the death of the Old Farmhouse Man. I was going to write to him and tell him about our Golden Bantam Corn, which we planted this year because of the article he wrote for the MIRROR last summer, telling how good it was. When I read it in my little room, up close to the roof, where I had stretched out for a good time with the MIRROR, it fairly made my mouth water for some, and I snatched my bonnet and started off for the garden where mother was hoeing. While she worked, I sat on the harrow that has been up in the corner of the old rail fence since my father unhitched and left it there so long ago. She listened to me while I told her how fine and sweet and early it was, but she shook her head when I told her we must have some, for she thought it was too late to plant it. But

Art Needlework

Bath Towels, stamped for embroidering—pink or blue borders; 30c values. Clearance Sale price, 20c

Scarfs, Pillowcases and Centerpieces, stamped for embroidering,—50c and 65c values are offered, during the Clearance Sale, for 25c

Pillows, for porch, hammock, bungalow and canoe use, \$1.00 values are offered, during the Clearance Sale, for 75c

Discontinued number of Package Embroidery—each including article with materials for embroidering—are offered, during the Clearance Sale, at Half Price

Second Floor

Summer Wash Fabrics

40-inch Printed Voiles—a large line to choose from—in neat floral effects, stripes, dots, etc., on both white and colored grounds. Regular value, 25c a yard. Sale price 19c

Seed Voiles in floral-striped effects make dainty Summer frocks. The regular 35c quality is offered during the Clearance Sale, at 25c

Imported Silk-Warp Crepes, Black-and-White, Striped Piques, etc. Many desirable fabrics are specially priced, for the Clearance Sale, at 35c

Second Floor

In the Linen Shop

All-linen Bleached Damask Table Linen—66 inches wide—in neat floral patterns. To-day's value is \$1.00 a yard. Clearance Sale price 75c

All-linen Bleached Damask Napkins—size 18x18 inches—in neat floral patterns. To-day's value is \$1.75 a dozen. Clearance Sale price \$1.35

Hotel Linen in a Dice Pattern, 60 inches wide. Value, 75c a yard. Sale price 59c

19-inch Napkins to match; value, \$2.00 a dozen. Sale price \$1.65

Second Floor

Clearance of Flannels

Pajama Flannels—neat stripes on white or colored grounds, including pink, blue, gray, etc.—regular 18c a yard. Sale price 12½c

36-inch Cashmere-finished Dress Flannelettes in neat printings on colored grounds. Regularly 20c a yard. Sale price 15c

Non-shrinkable Viyella Flannels in neat colored woven stripes on white or colored grounds. 31 inches wide, regular 75c quality. Clearance Sale price 65c

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A New Importation of Washable White Japanese Silks has just been placed on sale at prices far lower than regular.

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we have it this year, you bet, and I thought the Old Farmhouse Man would like to know about it, because I thought he was very old—but he wasn't, was he?
E. McM.

✱✱✱

Sharks

The shark which killed Charles E. Van Sant at Beach Haven, N. J., on July 1 was seen by a dozen persons. They described it as about nine feet long. The one which killed Bruder at Spring Lake on July 6 was not seen. The one which killed two persons and wounded a third in Matawan Creek was seen and is described as being nine feet long. So the possibility exists that, as many choose to believe, one fish was the slayer. Of what variety he was is a matter of guessing. Fishermen may be right in thinking that the killing was not done by a true man-eater but by a hammerhead

or a blue shark driven to it by hunger.

For the matter of that, the hammerhead is not all innocence on the scrolls. "It is so ferocious," says the *American Cyclopaedia*, "as to attack persons bathing. The hammerhead often attains a length of twelve feet. It has a grayish back, with head nearly black, and a whitish belly. This species of shark often, but not always, travels in schools."

The blue shark is really blue only in the smaller species. The big blue or dusky shark, which is plentiful enough along this coast, has a dark brown back and is dirty white below. The biggest fellows are twelve feet long.

Your true man-eater is the great white shark, thirty feet long at his worst and a ton in weight. His natural home is the tropics, but he has been seen in the Mediterranean, near the British Isles and also off the American coast. But providentially the great white shark is rare. Not more than a dozen are caught in a century. The white shark has a terrible cousin, much like himself. This is the big tiger or Atwood's shark, fifteen feet long and a hundred pounds of weight for every foot. It has been caught off the Atlantic coast, but in the present cases it has not been suspected. It is too big.

The mackerel shark may not be

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guilty, but the tribe cannot be absolved offhand. It sometimes grows to ten feet in length. It is as fighting a fish as any shark when other marine creatures are concerned, but its biographers contend that it attacks man "only in self-defence."

The biggest shark captured in this neighborhood in recent years was a thrasher, taken off Amagansett, L. I., in a sturgeon net in June, 1907. It is said to have been twenty-one feet long and to have weighed 900 pounds. The thrasher is not ordinarily found so far north.

Are there any instances previous to this summer of the shark attacking man in North Atlantic waters? The *Sun* has been able to find only two credible incidents. Off Swampscott, Mass., about ten years ago, the dory of a fisherman named Joseph Blaney was upset by a shark, which then carried the man off. Off Atlantic City in August, 1905, George Wright, a Pittsburg stock broker, was attacked while swimming from a boat and three toes of his right foot were bitten off.

Small and supposedly harmless sharks have been plentiful near these shores. Hardly a bather but has seen their fins within a stone's throw of the life ropes at the Jersey beaches. A shark eight feet long was caught at Coney Island on September 1 of last year. One seven feet long was taken there the next day, and on the 3d a monster, reported as fourteen feet in length, was added to the kill. These captures were treated as interesting incidents. The public did not like the idea of having sharks near them, but remained confident that the shark of the northern waters would not attack. The bathers did not take seriously the suggestion that the man-eater of the warm seas might move up. Yet three years ago this month Director Townsend of the Aquarium sounded a shark warning.

"The Gulf Stream brings to the south shore of Long Island and even to the Massachusetts coasts many things distinctly tropical," he said. "We have the sharks here in New York harbor; man-eaters or potential man-eaters, I should say. It is nonsense to say that sharks do not attack men, and southern sharks come here. Of course they do not stay through a winter."

So far as the ferocity of the shark in the region of Florida is concerned, evidence is ample. On September 16, 1911, H. C. Rood, of Hartford, Conn., was attacked while bathing at Pablo Beach, near Jacksonville, and bitten on the left arm and thigh. Three days later Thomas Ashe, pilot of the schooner *Wallace A. McDonald*, fell overboard at Pensacola, and was killed by a shark, which was afterward caught. In November of the same year Jules Antoine fell overboard from the British steamer *Aldersgate* and was almost entirely swallowed by a shark, which was shot to death the next day. This shark was twelve feet long. On March 30, 1914, Boatswain Lunenberg of the steamer *Borney Castle* fell from the bridge of the vessel into Havana harbor, and before a boat could be lowered was eaten by sharks.

Reports in the files of the Navy Department bear witness to the willingness of Pacific sharks to eat men. A

gunner's mate lost a leg while bathing in the harbor of Iloilo, P. I., on June 24, 1901. A coxswain's mate of the *Piscataqua*, lying in the inner harbor of Olongapo, P. I., on November 2, 1904, was seized by the foot, which was badly torn. A sailor of the gunboat *Elcano* returning from shore in a rowboat stuck his finger through a hole in the bottom from which the plug had been lost. A shark amputated the finger.

Mexico 1846 and 1916

By Celia Baldwin Whitehead

I have been re-reading what Woodrow Wilson has to say about the Mexican War—not the present one, but the one that was fought over seventy years ago—and if I had ever wondered at his patience with the Mexican situation I should do so no more. Indeed, I wonder that he did not see from the start, in view of what he has recorded, that some of the steps taken were calculated to arouse the gravest suspicion of our intentions towards their country in the minds of loyal, intelligent Mexicans.

Though devoting only a few pages to this subject in his "History of the

American People" (Vol. IV) and writing dispassionately, Mr. Wilson nevertheless tells a story of such shameful wrong as ought to make even a jingo gringo shut his blatant mouth and reflect on some possible atonement for the conduct of his ancestors.

More timely and needed reading cannot well be found at this epoch than these illuminating quotations:

"In 1821 the people of Mexico broke away from Spain and established their independence, sweeping Texas within their dominion. * * *

"At first, to get increase of strength in her struggle with Spain, Mexico had encouraged immigration out of the United States. At first her law permitted slavery. When she grew fearful of the too strong desire of the United

States for Texas she shut her doors, so far as law and ordinance could shut them, against immigrants from the East. * * * In 1836, Texas seceded from Mexico. * * * But the men who had peopled her out of the South had not taken possession of her government to maintain themselves in independence" * * * but "to bring the fair territory into the Union to which they conceived her properly to belong. Her broad expanses were the natural growing ground of the South.

"In 1845, Texas was annexed to the United States.

"And Texas claimed everything north and west of her that had been Spain's or Mexico's and also as much of the territory of her one time partner state, Coahuila as lay between the Neuces

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and the Rio Grande del Norte at the south. President Polk espoused and acted upon her claims at the South even before her formal admission into the Union was completed. He ordered General Zachary Taylor to occupy the western bank of the Neuces with a small force of United States troops and during the summer of 1845 sent him reinforcements * * * and early in 1846 the President ordered General Taylor to advance to the Rio Grande. His presence there threatened the Mexican town of Matamoros, just beyond the river, and the Mexican commander at Matamoros demanded his withdrawal to the Neuces. General Taylor refused to withdraw. The Mexicans crossed the river, and on April 23rd, ambushed a small body of American dragoons. Two weeks later they attacked General Taylor in force and he repulsed them. (Palo Alto, May 8, 1846.) The next day Taylor, in his turn attacked and drove the Mexicans back across the river in disastrous rout. On the 18th, General Taylor himself passed the Rio Grande and occupied Matamoros.

"And the President told Congress on the 11th of May, while yet he had had no news except that of the ambush of the 23rd of April, 'Mexico has passed the boundaries of the United States * * * and shed American blood upon American soil.' 'War exists, and exists by the act of Mexico herself.' He had not consulted Congress before he ordered General Taylor forward and brought this momentous matter to a head. * * * War indeed existed—but by whose act Congress was no longer at liberty to inquire. There was nothing for it but to vote supplies and an army." (They must "stand by the President.")

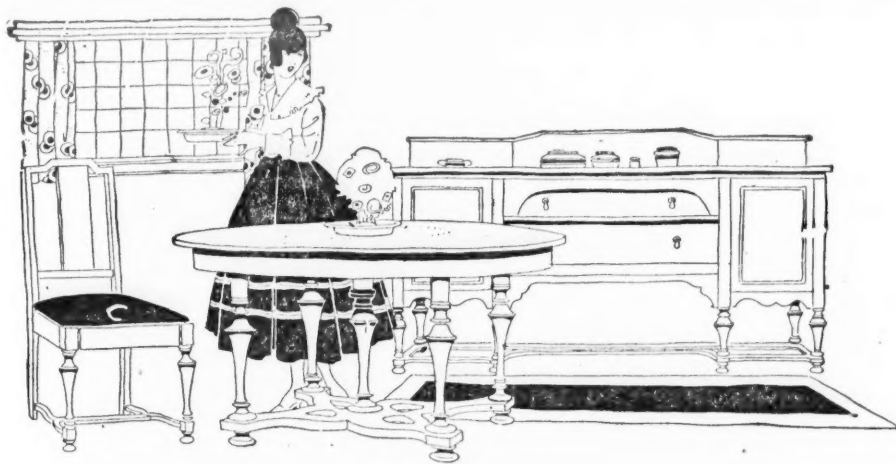
"By September 15, 1847, the United States army was in complete and formal possession of Mexico's capital and Mexico was in their hands.

"Meanwhile, the government at Washington had broadened the scope and meaning of the war beyond all expectation. During the summer of 1846 and the winter of 1846-47, it had seized, not merely the disputed territory which Texas claimed, but also the whole country of the Pacific slope beyond, from Oregon to the Gila river, to which the United States could have no conceivable right except that of conquest. The thing was easily accomplished * * * and a territory of six hundred thousand square miles was added to the United States.

"The war, with all its *inexcusable aggression* and fine fighting, was brought to a close by a treaty * * * by which Mexico recognized the Rio Grande as the southwestern boundary line of Texas and ceded New Mexico and California, of which the United States had taken possession by force of arms. * * *

"It had been evident from the first what the outcome of the war must be. When, in August, 1846, Congress had had under consideration an additional money vote of two millions, 'for the settlement of the boundary question with Mexico,' there had been no doubt in the mind of any candid or well-informed man that the money was really to be spent for the acquisition of territory as opportunity offered."

There is a sort of grave, sardonic, and slightly contemptuous humor in the



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July 20th, 21st and 22nd

—when all furniture will be properly tagged and displayed for convenient viewing.

Watch the daily papers for further particulars.

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opening of Mr. Wilson's account of the old Mexican war. After recounting our northern boundary disputes with England and the concessions made to her demands, he says:

"The Texan boundaries were another matter. Here the government dealt with a rival and neighbor with whom no compromise was necessary."

We have much reason for hoping and believing that President Wilson still has the magnanimity that would make him, like Historian Wilson, despise an advantage over a weaker enemy; but there is also some reason for fearing that the historian is too far in the background and the president unduly prominent.

Not without significance is the fact that the brief history of the Mexican War is placed in the chapter entitled, "The Extension of Slavery." Slavery was unprofitable at the North because of the long, cold winters during which the slaves, old, young and invalids, must be sheltered and clothed, at great expense to the masters. Not being able to advance at the North, the people of the slave-holding States were bent on acquiring more room at the South.

Reading this history of what Mr. Wilson calls "inexcusable aggression," can anyone blame the Mexicans for being suspicious and resentful of our political meddling with their elections and our military occupancy of their territory against their earnest and repeated protests?

The slavery which at this time seeks room for expansion under the name of "protection for American interests in Mexico," while it differs in form from its predecessor, chattel slavery, is no less tyrannical, unscrupulous and aggressive. Whether or not it is true, as I have read, that "of the \$7,000,000,000 of Mexico's estimated wealth, Americans hold possession of \$4,000,000,000," I do not know, but I have not the smallest doubt that Mexican raids upon our territory (of which we robbed them) have been inspired and paid for by American interests.

Let us hope that Historian President Wilson may be able to keep us from adding another bloody and disgraceful chapter of "inexcusable aggression" and "conquest" to the record of our dealings with Mexico—that history may no far-

ther repeat itself in this matter. Already we have gone too far; it is time to repent.

Summer Shows

"The Spring Chicken," a two-act musical farce by George Grossmith, Georges Duval and Ivan Caryll, will be the next attraction at the Park Theater. Roger Gray will be seen in the role created by Richard Carle. The story is a modern one, and is told in two acts.

Ivan Caryll is responsible for the music, and some of his best song successes will be found in this score. "The Orange Garden," "Espana," "Couquin le Printemps" and "Papouche" are four of his most popular numbers.

For the current attraction, the Opera Company is presenting the Park "Review," a variety show of pleasing novelties. "Commencement Day at Preparedness College," a satire on Carmen, and a baseball skit, originated by Roger Gray, are among the offerings. Billy Kent and Gray have a hilarious black-face act. Florence Mackey, Sarah Edwards, Carl Haydn, Carl Gantvoort, and

Overton Moyle, as a quintet of Italian street singers, offer a pleasing operatic novelty. Miss Dolly Castle does a dainty "single," also a "double" with Roger Gray. Sarah Edwards and Billy Kent have a comedy scream in their burlesque on "East Lynne." Bafunno's big piano act is a distinct musical hit. There are plenty of costume and scenery changes in addition to the delightful novelties offered, which, in all, produces a pleasing entertainment for these sultry days.

A variety programme is on view at the Shenandoah this week. "The Weakness of Man" is offered for Wednesday. Holbrook Blinn is seen in the lead. Frances X. Bushman in "The Other Man," and the first chapter of "The Grip of Evil," are shown as added attractions. Alice Brady in William A. Brady's film version of "La Boheme" will be exhibited on Thursday and Friday. On Saturday afternoon and evening, Florence Turner will be seen in the star role of Mutual's "Far From the Madding Crowd."

The Dead Musician

(In memory of Brother Basil, organist for half a century at Notre Dame University.)

By Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.

In "The Dead Musician, and Other Poems" (Laurence J. Gomme), by Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., there are many kinds of poetry—stately odes, tender lyrics, and quatrains so deftly fashioned and so freighted with thought as to suggest those of John Bannister Tabb. But, says the "Literary Digest," the most important feature of the book is the title-poem, which is an elegy. In spite of its length, we quote it, for it is so closely wrought that no excerpt could fairly represent it. It is rich in imagination and color; it is charged with high emotion; it is splendidly sustained from its arresting beginning to its lofty climax. It deserves to rank with the very best of American elegiac poetry.

He was the player and the played upon,
He was the actor and the acted on,
Artist, and yet himself a substance wrought;

God played on him as he upon the keys,
Moving his soul to mightiest melodies
Of lowly serving, hid austerities,
And holy thought that our high dream out-tops—

He was an organ where God kept the stops.

Naught, naught
Of all he gave us came so wondrous clear

As that he sounded to the Master's ear.

Wedded he was to the immortal Three,
Poverty, Obedience, and Chastity,
And in a fourth he found them all ex-pressed,

For him all gathered were in Music's breast,

And in God's house

He took her for his spouse,—
High union that the world's eye never scans

Nor world's way knows.
Not any penny of applauding hands

He caught, nor would have caught,
Not any thought

Save to obey
Obedience that bade him play,

And for his bride
To have none else beside,

That both might keep unflecked their virgin snows.

Yet by our God's great law
Such marriage issue saw,
As they who cast away may keep,
Who sow not reap.
In Chastity entombed
His manhood bloomed,
And children not of earth
Had spotless birth.

With might immortal was he strong
That he begot
Of what was not,
Within the barren womb of silence, song.

Yea, many sons he had
To make his sole heart glad—
Romping the boundless meadows of the air,
Skipping the cloudy hills, and climbing bold
The heavens' nightly stairs of starry gold,

Nay, winning heaven's door
To mingle evermore
With deathless troops of angel harmony.
He filled the house of God
With servants at his nod,
A music-host of moving pageantry,
Lo, this a priest, and that an acolyte:

Ah, such we name aright
Creative art,
To body forth love slumbering in the heart. . . .

Fools, they who pity him,
Imagine dim
Days that the world's glare blightens not.

Until the seraphim
Shake from their flashing hair
Lightnings, and weave serpents there,
His days we reckon fair. . . .

Yet more he had than this;
Lord of the liberative kiss,
To own, and yet refrain,
To hold his hand in rein.
High continence of his high power
That turns from virtue's very flower,
In loss of that elected pain
A greater prize to gain.

As one who long had put wine by
Would now himself deny
Water, and thirsting die.

So, sometimes he was idle at the keys,
Pale fingers on the aged ivories;
Then, like a prisoned bird,
Music was seen, not heard,
Then were his quivering hands most strong

With blood of the repressed song,—
Out of angelic air,
This side the heavens' spheres
Such sight to start and hinder tears.

Who knows, perhaps while silence throbbed,

He heard the *De Profundis* sobbed
By his own organ at his bier to-day,—

It is the saints' anticipative way.
He knew both hand and ear were clay.

That was one thought
Never is music wrought,
For silence only could that truth convey.

Widowed of him, his organ now is still,
His music-children fled, their echoing feet yet fill

The blue, far reaches of the vaulted nave,

The heart that sired them, pulseless in the grave.

Only the song he made is hushed, his soul,

Responsive to God's touch, in His control



Monday, July 24,
Park Opera Company in
"THE SPRING CHICKEN"
Now Playing:
The PARK REVIEW
With Roger Gray, Miss Florence Mackey and Carl Haydn.

SHENANDOAH

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SUMMER SEASON OF PICTURES
Wed., July 19, Holbrook Blinn in
"THE WEAKNESS OF MAN"
First Chapter of
"THE GRIP OF EVIL"
Thurs. and Fri., Alice Brady in
"LA BOHEME"
Sat., Florence Turner in
"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."
Eves., 7 & 9; Mats., Sat., & Sun., 2:30.
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Cardinals vs. Boston

Reserved Seats and Box Tickets on Sale at Mackey's & Spiro's, 519 Olive Street, and at Robison Field.

Elsewhere shall tune the termless ecstasy
Of one who all his life kept here
An alien ear,
Homesick for harpings of eternity.

"Benny Havens, Oh!"

We'll never fail to drink to her and
Benny Havens, Oh!

Who was Benny Havens? Ask the
next West Pointer you meet to tell
you something about Benny Havens.
He knows and you'll find that his eyes
will kindle at the mention of the name.

West Pointers for half a century have
told the story of Benny Havens—they
have bled and died with it on their lips.
Wherever Duty called they went, their
steps were never slow—

With Alma Mater on their lips, and
"Benny Havens, Oh!"

"Benny Havens, Oh!" is the epic of
West Point. It is a story in song, the
story of West Pointers and their sacri-
fices for duty, honor, West Point and
country.

This old academy of West Point, laid
out on a rugged shelf overlooking the

majestic sweep of the Hudson, has
many prized traditions, unsullied, in-
alienable, but none more sacred to its
sons than that of Benny Havens. Go
to Cullum Memorial Hall at West Point
and read in imperishable letters of
bronze the story of its sons.

It has seen them march out of its
sally ports singing "Benny Havens, Oh!"
and seen them brought back while min-
ute guns were echoing among the gran-
ite hills that surround it. The history
of West Point is closely interwoven
with that of our country; West Pointers
have written bright pages in the annals
of the land.

Their blood has watered Western
plains and Northern wilds of
snow.

Has stained Sierra's highest peaks,
where piercing winds e'er blow;
Has dyed deep red the Everglades, and
deeper still, you know,
The sacred Montezuma shades and
walls of Mexico.

Wherever duty has summoned them,
West Pointers have carried "Benny
Havens, Oh!" It was sung by the men
who led armies into Mexico under Scott,

by those who gathered around the campfires in Virginia in the '60s; was sung on the bleak plains in the Indian wars, in the stifling Cuban jungles, in the Philippine morasses—wherever American soldiers have campaigned. And no doubt when dusk now comes over the stark Mexican deserts there is more than one West Pointer, saddle wearied and dusty, who begins to hum this much loved song.

The story of Benny Havens is almost as old as that of the academy itself. Many, many years ago, in 1824, to be precise, Benny Havens took up his residence on the southern border of what then constituted the post of West Point. Almost immediately he and the cadets became friends.

He was a genial soul, generous, fond of good company and an inimitable spinner of yarns, and he invariably plied his visitors with buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. Soon his refreshments acquired such fame that cadets often slipped away from their duties and made their way to Benny's retreat, where they found oblivion for their disciplinary woes. Almost every night after taps saw half a dozen daring cadets, who should have been in bed, gathered around Benny's bountiful table.

Only for a short time did Benny's fare confine itself to buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. Grog and wine were added to the menu, an addition whereby Benny's popularity increased, tenfold. About this time the West Point authorities, who had previously shut their eyes to Benny's liberalities, decided that the time had come to declare a blockade on Benny in so far as cadets were concerned, and consequently Benny's haven of delight became "off limits" for the future generals and punishment was meted out to those caught running the blockade.

Jefferson Davis, afterward President of the Confederate States, had the distinction of being among the first batch of cadets court-martialed for midnight revels at Benny Havens'.

Benny was warned that his generosity to cadets was demoralizing to discipline and that unless he called a halt summary proceedings would result. He was unable to refuse those few cadets who "ran it out" to his home and finally he was expelled from the post shortly after 1829, taking up his abode at the base of a high cliff near the river's edge about a mile below West Point.

Here he lived in a small frame house until his death in 1877 at the age of 90. He was buried in Union Cemetery, about midway between Highland Falls and Fort Montgomery on the West Point road. His grave is to-day marked by a simple marble slab, but there is a proposal to remove his body to the West Point Cemetery and to erect a suitable monument to his memory.

That in brief is the story of Benny Havens without the color and the trimmings that make it a real story.

During the cold nights of many winters after Benny was banished from the post of West Point, cadets slipped out of their beds after taps had sounded and made their way over snow and ice to Benny's little home at the river's edge. No kings ever received more royal welcome. Cakes and wine were im-

mediately forthcoming, tales were told before leaping flames and song was started as the blood grew warm with the wine Benny provided. With the first intimations of dawn, Benny sent his guests back to their quarters with a godspeed and a wish of good luck.

Not infrequently the officers in charge of the cadets descended upon Benny's retreat after midnight and at such times Benny directed the cadets in their escape as coolly as if he were an old and seasoned officer. His house was only about twenty feet from the river, and in the winter when the river was frozen the cadets would skate down, leaving their skates on the bank so that they could put them on swiftly and skate back to West Point in case of a raid.

Often Benny ferried his guests down in his old flat-bottomed boat. Occasionally there was a dance under his roof. Many men who rose to fame after leaving West Point—Grant, Fitzhugh Lee, Sherman, Custer and others—spent happy hours in Benny's retreat.

In 1838, Lieut. Lucius O'Brien, of the Eighth United States Infantry paid a visit to Cadet Ripley A. Arnold, who was then a first classman.

Arnold became a second lieutenant of dragoons, was brevetted for bravery in the Indian wars in Florida in 1841 and again brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma during the Mexican War. Among those who graduated in the class with Arnold was P. G. T. Beauregard, who later became superintendent of the academy and a general in the Confederate army.

Arnold introduced O'Brien to Benny Havens, a warm friendship at once springing up between the two. In the academy at this time were John Thomas Metcalfe, who after graduation studied medicine and became one of the foremost surgeons in the country, and Irvin McDowell, who commanded the Union forces at the first battle of Bull Run. Both Metcalfe and McDowell were great friends of Benny.

Benny Havens, Lieutenant O'Brien, Metcalfe and Arnold together composed the original five verses of the song "Benny Havens, Oh!" and set it to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green." An obituary notice of Doctor Metcalfe says:

He had an early taste for versifying, and with skill at the guitar and a good tenor voice, composed many a ditty to pass away the idle time. It was thus that he wrote the celebrated song, "Benny Havens, Oh!"

It is not what would be called good poetry. Some of it is crude. To-day there are about fifty verses, almost all of which were composed before Benny's death, in 1877. Class after class added a verse. In the waning years of Benny's life almost every night the cadets sang them through, crowding round Benny, with glasses full, while their host led them with his fiddle and his low, clear baritone. This fiddle, by the way, is still in possession of an old citizen of Highland Falls. Some of the verses were sung with glasses raised in toast- ing those whose deeds were recalled.

There are several verses that every

West Pointer knows by heart, the first of them being:

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
To singing sentimentally we're going for to go.
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

This is also the first verse of the poem. One of the five original verses was no doubt inspired by some of the Southern beauties who were occasional visitors at the Point, for it says:

To the ladies of the orange clime, let all our bumpers flow,
Who dares gainsay their peerless charms must take a knightly blow;
We'll throw the gauntlet in their cause and haunt the soulless foe
Who hesitates to drink to them at Benny Havens, Oh!

A few years after he had helped to compose the original song, Lieutenant O'Brien died in Florida during the campaign against the Seminoles in 1841. Benny was deeply grieved and shortly afterward there appeared the following verse, which was always sung with heads bowed:

There comes a voice from Florida, from Tampa's lonely shore,
It is the cry of gallant men, O'Brien is no more;
In the land of sun and flowers, his head lies pillowed low,
No more he'll sing "Petite Coquille" or "Benny Havens, Oh!"

Soon came along the Mexican war to furnish inspiration to the cadet poets. Several verses were added to the poem in commemoration of the deeds of those whose gallantry carried the American flag from Vera Cruz to the heights of Chapultepec, overlooking Montezuma's ancient capital. Two of these are:

Here's health to General Taylor, whose rough and ready blow
Struck terror to the rancheros of brag-gart Mexico;
May his country ne'er forget his deeds and ne'er forget to show
She holds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens, Oh!
To the "veni, vidi, vici" man, to Scott, the greatest hero,
Fill the goblet to the brim, let no one shrink- ing go,
May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes of snow

You and Your Friends—and

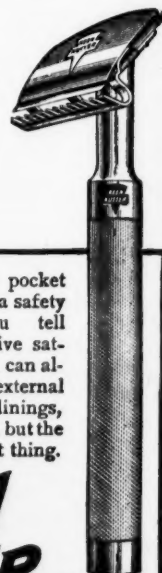
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(Inc.)

St. Louis and New York,
U. S. A.

And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens, Oh!

The Civil War saw stressful times at the Point and the cadets turned their attention to sterner things than poetry. The ranks of the corps were thinned by the loss of the Southerners, who went home to take up the cause of their respective states. Many of those from the North and South, who had been friends of Benny, fell on the field of glory—Manassas, Antietam, Gettysburg,

the Wilderness and a hundred other places were stained with the blood of West Pointers.

Cushing, one of Benny's cronies, a mere stripling, fell at Gettysburg, wounded eleven times. There was little gayety at Benny's during the stern four years, for Benny was getting old and the almost daily news of the loss of his former friends on the battlefield robbed him of his old time light-heartedness.

Some of the verses of the poem which were written just after the war are lost. There seem to be only the following intact:

To the army's brave commanders let
now our glasses flow,
We'll drink to Grant and Sherman and
to the subs also;
To Thomas Meade and Sheridan (these
come in apropos),
We'll toast them all with goblets full
at Benny Havens, Oh!

Early in 1866, Gen. Winfield Scott
died. For him this verse appeared:
Another star has faded, we miss its
brilliant glow,
For the veteran Scott has ceased to be
a soldier here below;
And the country which he honored
now feels a heartfelt woe
As we toast his name in reverence at
Benny Havens, Oh!

During the last year of Benny's life
came the stunning news that Custer
and his men had fought their last fight.
James E. Porter, Harrington and others,
lieutenants and West Pointers all, per-
ished with that gallant band. Not until
Benny had died did these verses appear
in memory of Custer and his command:

In silence lift your glasses; a meteor
flashes out
So swift to death brave Custer; amid
the battle's shout
Death called—and, crowned, he went
to join the friends of long ago,
To the land of peace, where now he
dwells with Benny Havens, Oh!

We'll drop a tear for Harrington and
his comrades, Custer's braves
Who fell with none to see the deeds
that glorified their graves;
May their memory live forever with
their glories' present glow,
They've nobly earned the right to
dwell with Benny Havens, Oh!

Some of the other verses are fraught
with the magic spirit of West Point—
that spirit that is best summed up in
the words, "Duty, Honor, Country,
West Point," which are part of the
motto of the academy. One of the best
of these is:

Let us remember, comrades, when to
our posts we go,
The ties that must be cut in twain as
o'er life's sea we row;
Hearts that now throb in unison must
moulder down below,
So let us take a parting cup at Benny
Havens, Oh!

—From the New York Sun.

Apple Sass

A French-Canadian guide came into
camp one day greatly excited. He had
a handful of wild cranberries which he
exhibited with pride. "You know the
li'l cranberrie?" he asked the assembled
party. "Well, you take the li'l cran-
berrie an' you put him on the fire with
plenty of de sug—oh, big lot of de sug
—an' you let him cook long time. Then
you take him off an' let him cool. An'
voila! You have a more better apple
sauce than you can make out of de
prune!"

Marts and Money

On the Wall Street Exchange quoted
values show additional losses, especially
in the industrial and mining depart-
ments. They range from five to twenty-
five points in various cases. Naturally,
the "bears" are in a gleeful mood. They
feel confident that truly substantial re-
coveries need not be looked for in the
near future. They assert that stop-loss
orders remain unusually numerous, and
that the public is not yet prepared to
resume buying on a broad scale. The
"bulls," on the other hand, feel that a
favorable turn should be close at hand
on account of the many extensive com-
mitments on the short side, and the
somewhat relaxed condition of the
money market. They find comfort, like-
wise, in the relative firmness of prices
of first-class railroad stocks through-
out the downward swing since July 1.
They point out that such issues as
Atchison common, Baltimore & Ohio
common, Chicago, M. & St. Paul com-
mon, Illinois Central, Northern Pacific,
and Southern Pacific suffered deprecia-
tion of less than three points.

My personal opinion is that modest
rallies should be in order, despite the
existing apprehensions as to further
breaks in the prices of metal, motor,
munition, and oil certificates. It would
be absurd to expect a continuous de-
cline, in the absence of new threatening
developments in one direction or anoth-
er. It would not take much of real
pluck and initiative on the "bull" side
to cause the cancellation of a multi-
plicity of short commitments. There
are no indications, though, of the near-
ness of another material rise in values.
Investment buying is not as large as it
was up to two months ago; nor is it
likely that the money market might re-
turn to its former state of uncommon
ease. The beginning of the main crop-
moving season is only a month and a
half off, and the position of the banks
in New York reveals a considerable im-
pairment. The dominant financiers will
undoubtedly feel it advisable, from now
on, to regulate interest rates in careful
fashion, with a view toward preventing
fresh and more serious flurries and
keeping the country's investors in an
optimistic frame of mind.

There's another and still more weighty
matter to be drawn into consideration,
namely, the advance from 5 to 6 per
cent in the minimum rate of the Bank
of England. It constitutes authoritative
admission that the value of money is on
the rise, not only in Great Britain, but
all over the world. The former 5 per
cent rate had been in effect since Au-
gust 8, 1914. Manifestly, the Bank of
England is eagerly bidding for money,
striving to retain American credit bal-
ances, and determined to bring about a
radical rectification in the quotations
for sterling exchange in New York and
other financial centers. Thus far, the
New York rate has not responded to
the news from London, nor to the re-
ceipt of additional gold from Ottawa,
which brought the sum total of arrivals
since the first of the year up to \$170,-
000,000. The current rate for demand
sterling is \$4.75 11-16, against \$4.76 3/4 a
few months ago. In normal times, parity
is \$4.8665. It would not be surprising if
the next few weeks should witness the

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fixation of a higher bank rate also in
Paris, where a 5 per cent charge has
been maintained since August 20, 1914.

The next few months should bring
still more interesting developments in
financial markets on both sides of the
Atlantic. The financiers are confronted
with steadily increasing requirements of
surplus capital. The needs should be
greater still after hostilities have ceased
and it is doubtless in shrewd recogni-
tion of this probability that all the mar-
kets for securities are suffering from a
more or less pronounced state of par-
alysis. It is fraught with startling sig-
nificances that the Bank of England
should have fixed its rate at 6 per cent
in spite of persistent intimations of
peace at a not remote date. Two years
ago, the bank rate was only 3 per cent.

The latest weekly statement of the
New York Clearing-House institutions
discloses a decided replenishment in re-
serves, owing to completion of prepara-
tions for the new French loan of \$100,-
000,000, and the ending of transfers of
large accounts in connection with divi-
dend and interest disbursements. The
call loan rate, which was up to 6 per
cent some days ago, has relapsed to
3 per cent. For loans for six months,
the quotation is 4 @ 4 1/4 per cent; the
latest maximum was 4 3/4. In pondering
prospects for the American money mar-
ket, it must not be overlooked that New
York has become the financial center of
the world, and that it may continue in
this proud and responsible position for
an indefinite period, if not permanently.

The prices for metals still are tend-
ing downward. Lead now is quoted at
6.40 cents per pound, against 8 cents
some time ago. At this date in 1915
the quotation was 5.75. The copper mar-
ket is in a badly unsettled condition,
notwithstanding the soothing utterances
of representatives of the principal sell-
ing agencies. For distant deliveries,
electrolytic is rated at 24 @ 29 cents a
pound. I consider this a somewhat
perplexing question; I cannot recollect
having seen anything like it before. Re-
sellers, we are told, are willing to sell
at prices varying from 24 to 26 cents.
Exports of the red metal continue
heavy, but the favorable purport of this
information is taken away from by
knowledge that current shipments are
the outcome of contracts entered into
months ago. Owners of copper stocks
are not in a hopeful mood, apparently;
they are letting go in increasing amounts
every time prices rally two or three
points. They are not profoundly im-
pressed with the exceptionally good divi-

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Write and state from which country your
family originates and the family names of the
various branches of your ancestors and re-
search will be made if your family or any
branches thereof bore coat-of-arms. NO
CHARGE IS MADE FOR THESE IN-
QUIRIES. If our search is successful, we
only charge you for a tracing of the coat-of-
arms and for a transcription of the history of
the family. Address: Prof. Magnus of The
Historical Genealogical Association, 33 Via
Margutta, Rome, Italy.

dend rates paid to them since the latter
part of 1915.

Not long ago, tungsten, a substance
used in the hardening of steel, was
selling at \$90, per unit of 60 per cent.
It can now be bought at \$20 in the
Boulder district of Colorado. St. Louis
quotes spelter at \$9.62 1/2; in the first
five months of 1915, the price was up
to \$120 at Joplin. Wall Street has
settled down to the conclusion that the
acute declines in the metal markets
should be regarded as reliable forerun-
ners of negotiations for peace. The
same inference is drawn from the severe
depreciation in the values of war cer-
tificates.

Banking and brokerage institutions re-
port a marked contraction in the de-
mand for municipal bonds. In part, this
reflects the untoward influences of sum-
mer; otherwise it appears to be the
outgrowth of extensive foreign borrow-
ing. According to the *Daily Bond Buy-
er*, the sum total of new municipal
financing in June was \$42,818,000, against
\$104,687,000 for the corresponding
month in 1915. For the six completed
months of the year, the record stands
at \$284,308,000, against \$317,156,000 for
the like period of last year. There's
more than a possibility that there may
be a distinct revival in the quest for
the securities of cities, counties, school
districts, and other civic subdivisions
after October 1.

The quotation for September wheat
has advanced to nearly \$1.15 on the Chi-
cago Board of Trade, as a result, to
some extent, of reports of "black rust"
in the Northwestern spring wheat
states. Not long since, this option could
be bought at \$1.01. If the dispatches
from the Northwest are in accord with
the facts, further enhancement will be
inevitable, especially so because the
latest trustworthy advices concerning
grain crops in the leading European
countries are indicative of serious re-
ductions in prospective yields.

With respect to the iron and steel
trade, the *Iron Age* informs us that

\$94,500,000
American Foreign Securities Company
THREE-YEAR 5% GOLD NOTES

Dated August 1, 1916

Due August 1, 1919

Interest Payable February 1 and August 1

Principal and interest payable in United States Gold Coin at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. without deduction for any taxes, present or future, except any Federal Income Tax

Coupon notes in denominations of \$100, \$1,000, \$5,000 and \$10,000

Subject to redemption, in whole or in part, at the option of the Company, on any interest date, as follows:

On February 1, 1917, at 101½ and interest
 On August 1, 1917, or February 1, 1918, at 101 and interest.
 On August 1, 1918, or February 1, 1919, at 100½ and interest.

The American Foreign Securities Company has been organized with a capital of \$10,000,000 presently to be paid in at par in cash. It has arranged to lend \$100,000,000 to the Government of the French Republic, for which it is to hold the obligation of the French Government to repay the principal in three years, together with interest at a rate more than sufficient to cover the interest on the Company's note issue.

In connection with this loan the Company is to receive from the French Government securities having a value, calculated at prevailing markets and existing exchange rates, of \$120,000,000, and the French Government agrees from time to time to pledge additional securities so that the calculated value of the collateral shall be always 20% in excess of the principal of the loan. Of these securities the Company is to pledge with the Bankers Trust Company, in New York City, under a collateral indenture, as security for the above notes, obligations (either as maker or guarantor) of foreign governments, and other securities as follows:

		Approximate Value in Dollars at Prevailing Markets and Existing Exchange Rate.
Government of Argentina		\$20,500,000
" " Sweden		8,725,000
" " Norway		3,290,000
" " Denmark		6,380,000
" " Switzerland		12,080,000
" " Holland		1,475,000
" " Uruguay		3,443,000
" " Egypt		20,200,000
" " Brazil (Funding Loan)		1,181,000
" " Spain		12,600,000
Government of Spain guarantees Railroad Bonds		8,000,000
Province of Quebec		275,000
Suez Canal Company Shares		11,600,000
American Corporate Issues		3,700,000
		\$113,449,000

The Company agrees also to pledge under the collateral indenture all additional securities received from the French Government under its agreement to maintain the 20% margin above referred to.

For the sake of convenience in collection, the coupons and rights for interest and dividends maturing on or before August 1, 1919, are to be detached and held for the account of the Company by depositaries in France. As provided in the collateral indenture, substitutions may be made in the above list of collateral by the deposit of securities determined to be of equal value, but (except with the joint consent of J. P. Morgan & Co. and Brown Brothers & Co.) in no case may the value of the obligations of any one of the above Governments be reduced more than 50%, nor is the aggregate value of the obligations of any one Government or any other issue of securities to be increased through such substitution to more than 20% of the aggregate value of the collateral. Pending the deposit of the collateral, the Trustee will hold cash equal to the face amount of the notes, releasing the cash from time to time to an amount equal to 5-6ths of the value of the collateral deposited with the Trustee.

This offering is made subject to the verification of the list of collateral, which may result in slight variations in the relative amounts of the several issues but not in the aggregate market value, and also subject to the approval of the necessary details by counsel.

WE OFFER THE ABOVE NOTES FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT 98 AND INTEREST, YIELDING ABOUT 5.735 PER CENT.

Subscription books will be opened at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., at 10 o'clock a. m., July 19th, 1916, and will be closed at 10 o'clock a. m., July 24th, 1916, or earlier, in the discretion of the Syndicate Managers.

THE RIGHT IS RESERVED TO REJECT ANY AND ALL APPLICATIONS AND ALSO, IN ANY CASE, TO AWARD A SMALLER AMOUNT THAN APPLIED FOR.
 AMOUNTS DUE ON ALLOTMENTS WILL BE PAYABLE AT THE OFFICE OF J. P. MORGAN & CO., IN NEW YORK FUNDS, TO THEIR ORDER, AND THE DATE OF PAYMENT WILL BE GIVEN IN THE NOTICES OF ALLOTMENT.

Temporary certificates will be delivered pending the engraving of the definitive notes.

Application will be made to list the above notes on the New York Stock Exchange.

J. P. MORGAN & CO.	BROWN BROTHERS & CO.
WM. A. READ & CO.	HARRIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK, Chicago
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, N. Y.	KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
CHASE NATIONAL BANK, N. Y.	LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.	J. & W. SELIGMAN & CO.
UNION TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.	NATIONAL CITY BANK, N. Y.
CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF ILLINOIS, Chicago	NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, N. Y.
New York, July 18, 1916.	HANOVER NATIONAL BANK, N. Y.
	GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.
	FARMERS LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.
	MELLON NATIONAL BANK, Pittsburgh
	COMMERCIAL TRUST COMPANY, Philadelphia
	FIRST NATIONAL BANK, St. Paul

"foreign buying, both for war and peace uses, continues to be the mainstay." Domestic business is disappointing.

Finance in St. Louis.

Latest proceedings on the local Stock Exchange brought no important results. Prices were firmly maintained in nearly all the representative cases, but most of the daily volumes of transfers were of modest proportions. The quotation for United Railways 4s advanced further—to 63, a figure denoting an improvement of four points when compared with the recent low notch. The total par value of sales was \$12,000. Of the preferred stock, one hundred shares were taken at 15.75 and 15.87½. The figures are about the same as those ruling a week ago. There was no trading in the common certificates. Five thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban general 5s were transferred at 75 and 75.25, indicating a little depreciation.

In the banking group, business showed some enlivenment. About two hundred shares of Bank of Commerce were disposed of at 106.50 to 107; forty Mercantile Trust, at 342.50; five State National, at 198; six Mississippi Valley Trust at 295, and forty-eight Title Guaranty Trust at 110. Stocks of this class should be in better demand, and display more marked upward tendencies, in view of the increased charges for loans throughout the nation, especially in the East. They have thus far responded rather poorly to the tonic influences of prosperity.

The demand for industrial issues was strikingly various. Sixty shares of Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co. stock brought 118, 120, and 123.50. Some months ago, this stock could be bought at 100, and even less. The dividend rate is 6 per cent. The current price would seem to foreshadow a higher rate at an early date. Fifty Union Sand & Material were sold at 76 and 76.50; fifteen Wagner Electric at 248; twenty-five Chicago Railway Equipment at 97.75 to 98.25; ten International Shoe common at 98, and \$2,000 Missouri-Edison Electric 5s at 100.

The Stock Exchange authorities announce the listing of \$1,000,000 Laclede-Christy Clay Products Co. preferred stock, the present price of which is about 105. The yearly dividend rate is 7 per cent. Total amount authorized is \$1,800,000. The total amount of common stock—\$2,200,000—was listed at the same time. In this case, the ruling quotation is 65 bid, with none offering. No dividend has ever been paid on these shares.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Natl. Bank of Commerce	107½	108½
State National Bank	200	
Mississippi Valley Trust		294
United Railways com.	4¼	4½
do pfd.	16	
do 4s	62½	63¼
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s.	100¼	
do gen. 5s	76¼	76¾
Broadway 4½s	98	98½
Dallas Gas 5s	90	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s \$100	92	92½
Union Sand & Material	76¼	76½
Ely & Walker 2d pfd.	97¼	87¼
International Shoe com.	109	
do pfd.	109	
Hydraulic Pr. Brk. com.	19½	20
do pfd.	19½	20
Hamilton-Brown	122½	
Independ't Br'y 1st pfd.	27	28
do 5s	61	
National Candy com.	8¼	8½
do 1st pfd.	100	

Answers to Inquiries.

W. J. D., Duluth, Minn.—There can be no doubt about the legitimacy of the 7 per cent dividend rate on Norfolk & Western common, established three months ago. The company is earning at the rate of 15 or 16 per cent on the \$114,000,000 common, after payment of 4 per cent on the preferred. For the eleven months ended May 31 the total of net earnings surpasses the corresponding record in 1914-15 by almost 100 per cent. The current price of the common stock—128¾—does not seem extravagant, in the face of such remarkable figures. You would not make a mistake if you bought at about 123 or 124. On June 7, sales were made at 137¾.

CAPITALIST, St. Louis—The stock of the Mercantile Trust Co. of St. Louis is not overvalued at 342, in view of the 18 per cent dividend. Even 375 would not be an unjustifiable valuation. Stocks of this class are invariably selling at prices relatively higher than those quoted for standard railroad and industrial certificates. It is largely for this particular reason that they are known as "rich men's investments."

WALL STREET, Alton, Ill.—For the present, Tennessee Copper is a speculation. There's no likelihood of a resumption of payments in the next six months. Since the price shows a break of nearly \$40, an outright purchase at 23 or 24 should prove remunerative if tenaciously clung to for twelve months.

REGULAR READER, Rochester, N. Y.—(1) The Colorado & Southern is in position to renew payments on its first preferred, now quoted at 58. Whether it will do so, is problematical. The company may decide to postpone such action for another twelve months. If you bought at 80, five years ago, you had better stick to your holdings. It's a highly promising property. (2) The price of St. Louis & San Francisco adjustment 6s may decline a few points, but should ultimately get close to par. The full 6 per cent will probably be paid in the second fiscal year.

New Books Received

TALES FROM A BOY'S FANCY by Harvey Shawmcker. Kansas City: Burton Publishing Co.; \$1.50.

A collection of short stories and poems rather well written, but somewhat poorly published.

NAPOLEON IN HIS OWN WORDS by Jules Bertaut. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.00.

Aphorisms of Napoleon culled from his public utterances and published works showing his views on religion, science, morals, art, politics, government, war and sociology. Translated from the French by H. E. Law and C. L. Rhodes, with explanatory notes and prefaces.

RECLAIMING THE BALLOT by Ward Macauley. New York: Duffield & Co.; 75c net.

A description of the evils of our present system of casting and counting ballots at elections and suggestions for a practical remedy.

SHIPS IN PORT by Lewis Worthington Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

Verse of varied appeal and distinctive charm.

FLASHLIGHTS by Mary Aldis. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.

A very clever and entertaining collection of verse by the author of "Plays for Small Stages."

THE WHITE PEARL by Edith Barnard Delano and Samuel Field. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.

A novelization of the movie by the same title in which Marie Doro starred. Illustrated with reproductions of some of the screens shown in the movie.

THE NEUTRALS' PORTION by Edwin Lorraine. New York: Jackson Press; \$1.25.

A novel dealing with Americans' ethical prob-

lems as related to the great war. The scene is in the Middle West and in Europe.

LOOT by Arthur Somers Roche. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$1.25.

A thriller.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI BULLETIN, Vol. 17, No. 10. Catalog. Seventy-fourth report of the curators to the governor. Announcements for 1916-1917.

Dyer—Is it the kind of a play you can take a girl to see?

Ryer—No, but it's the kind you can't keep her away from.—Life.

Not Adequate

A well-known card player fell up against a well-developed faro game during an unusually fierce and sanguinary argument with the tiger, and quit loser about sixteen hundred dollars. As he rose to leave the gilded arena, the dealer remarked in a very cheerful manner: "Hold on a minute; we're going to have a little lunch of cold ham, etc., in a few minutes. Won't you join us?" "Join you be damned," roared the victim of

the combat, as he turned on his heel with an air of disdain and quit the place; "do you think I can eat sixteen hundred dollars' worth of ham?"

Purist Caught

Professor Lounsbury of Yale is a foe to the purist and pedant. On his summer holiday the professor gazed out across the lake one gray and sultry afternoon, and remarked: "It looks like rain." A pedant was seated in a rocking-chair near by. "What looks like rain, professor?" he chuckled. "Ha, ha! I've got you there. What looks like rain?" "Water," Professor Lounsbury answered, coldly.

"Her ideal is shattered." "What happened to it?" "She married it."—Detroit Free Press.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



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Your Salary—

Is any of it really yours? Do you put at least a dollar every pay day in a place where it stays your money?

A Savings Account is a tool that makes savings more convenient, more profitable and surer of results—

A place to pay money to yourself, open every business day and every Monday evening till 7:30—

Open an account with us. Then pay something to yourself on every salary day.



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FOURTH and PINE

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Your signature on this card will identify you in future transactions with us.

With your first deposit you will receive a Savings Pass Book, in which your name and all future deposits or withdrawals will be entered.

For your convenience our Savings Department will be open Monday evenings until 7:30 o'clock.

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MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY
EIGHTH AND LOCUST STREETS

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When to go This Summer
How to go*

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